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BY PAUL MATWYCHUK • 32

FRONT: NELOFER PAZIRA • 7 / MUSIC: RUSSIAN FUTURISTS • 22 / ARTS: STICKY SHOES • 41

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ON THE COVER

Dan Snaith recorded two well-regarded electronic albums under the name "Manitoba," but with his latest, *The Milk of Human Kindness*, he's started calling himself "Caribou" instead. You'll have to read Paul Matwychuk's article to find out why; suffice it to say that two years ago, a Dick decided to make life really difficult for him • 32



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Two-days specials

Directors have to work fast if they want to win the Forty-Eight-Hour Film Festival

BY MINISTER FAUST

While the River City is among Canada's leading stage towns and a major centre for sketch and improv comedy, Alberta's capital hasn't afforded amateur or professional film crews much work on either side of the camera since SCTV left town over a generation ago.

But with the debut of this year's **Forty-Eight Hour Film Festival**, hopefully this will change. Every film buff, gearhead and wanna-go-Holly-

woodsmen knows the new technology of digital video, or DV, means making good-looking screen stories for cheap, and according to festival co-inaugurator Jay Hannley, DV does more than build images—it helps build communities. Given just 48 hours to write, shoot, edit and remit their final product for the May 22 deadline, the contestant filmmakers are taking film evolution at high

FILM FEST

speed. By the time their films see the dark of the screening room on May 27 in the basement of Whyte Avenue's Black Dog, these DV rebels will be better at doing what they dream of, and Edmonton's film scene will have taken huge leaps from the playground to the players' editing suites. It's high

technology helping local communities build themselves, with underground underdogs yipping their way into a spotlight of their own making.

Marshaling his talents and efforts behind the festival's motto of "One weekend, 48 hours, 10 gallons of coffee," Hannley isn't just pushing other people into making movies; he's doing it himself for his own contest, although he won't be eligible to win. By starting up the festival in Edmonton, Hannley and cohorts are adding Edmonton to a community of about 50 cities worldwide holding similar events, all with the aim of encouraging filmmaking. Edmonton's own began back on Friday, May 20, when contestants picked up their packages containing their requirements, which included a

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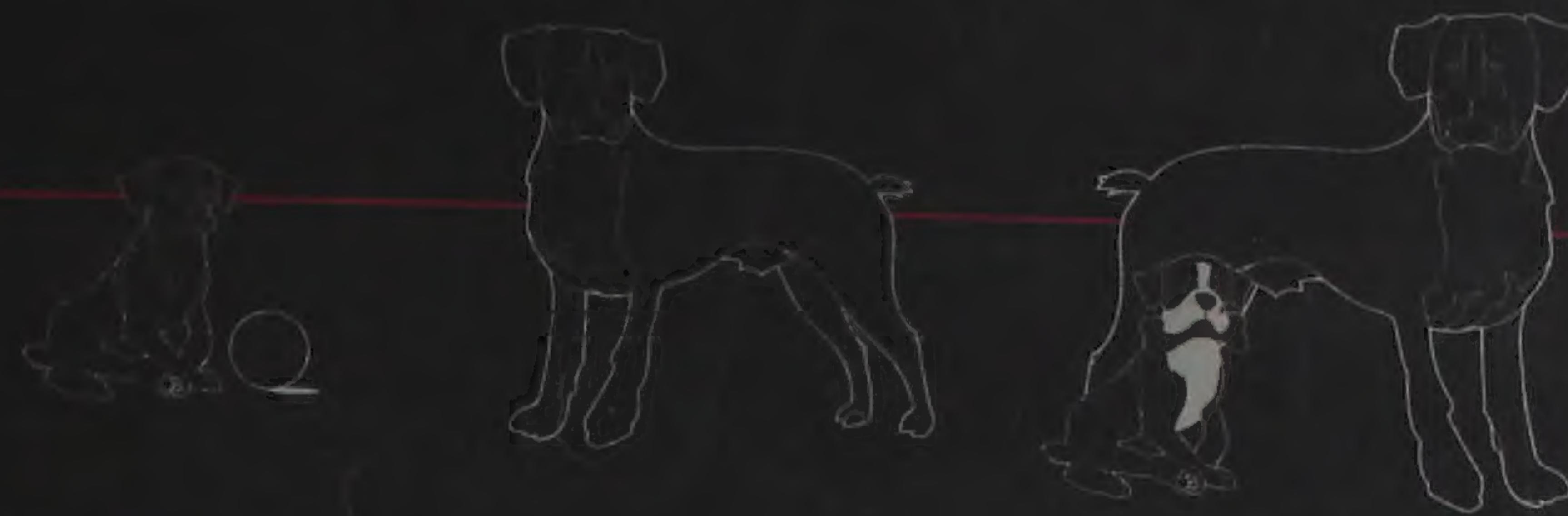
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Issue Number 501

May 26-June 1, 2005

available at over 1,400 locations

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Vue Weekly is available free of charge at well over 1,400 locations throughout Edmonton. We are funded solely through the support of our advertisers. Vue Weekly is a division of 783783 Alberta Ltd. and is published every Thursday.

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Canada Post Canadian Publications List
Publications Mail Agreement No. 40022200
Return undeliverable Canadian
addresses to 10303-108 St.
Edmonton, AB, T5J 1L7
email: admin@publisher.com



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BY EMMA SASSE

Dipstick traces

The flurry of sexist comments made about Belinda Stronach last week was a short, punctuated moment of discussion about women in politics. What did we learn? We learned that if it's an inflammatory comment the media want, Alberta Tory back-bencher-for-a-reason Tony Abbott is willing to open his yap to call Stronach a "whore." We also learned that sexism is waiting just on the tip of other Conservative tongues, like that of Ontario Tory Bob Runciman, who called Stronach an "attractive dipstick." But we also learned something much more depressing: the state of feminist analysis in this country is appallingly superficial.

The few feminist academics who spoke out in Stronach's favour rightfully pointed out words like "whore," "prostitute" and "attractive dipstick" are solely applied to women. However, they failed to point out that Stronach's political career is based on sexism and unearned privilege—two pillars she's happy to uphold. Some argued that these latest attacks were part of a larger trend among pundits and the press denigrating Stronach's accomplishments. But wait a minute: Stronach doesn't have any accomplishments. She was given her dad's company after dropping out of business school. She's never done a damn thing to deserve her wealth and privilege. Feminists are supposed to be against unearned privilege. Corporate greed is no friendlier just because it shows up in a pair of Prada heels.

Indeed, the only reason anyone took Stronach seriously during the Tory leadership race was because, first, she was wealthy, and second,

she stood out as a woman candidate who wasn't afraid to talk about herself as "Paul Martin in a cocktail dress," or someone able to "bake a bigger economic pie." Stronach uses sexism and privilege to her benefit. But no feminist made links between the kind of sexism that comes out of our mouths in the form of words like "whore" and the very same kind of sexism that keeps women disproportionately poor, working in unsafe, insecure, part-time jobs, or the sexism that keeps issues like child care, violence against women or affordable housing off the agenda—especially in the Conservative, Liberal and corporate circles where Stronach travels.

Sadly, these "areas of most concern" do not include the noted lack of ice-cream pollution in the air.

HIGHWAY 2: NAMEIFIED!

For decades, Highway 2's lack of a proper name has been a source of international embarrassment for the people of Alberta and the cause of countless avoidable yawns and shrugs. But this all looks to change: thanks to a little something called "the Queen being here," Premier Klein announced Monday that Highway 2 will be renamed Queen Elizabeth II Highway in honour of her visit in this, our centennial year.

"As those of us in politics know especially, this is the most traveled road in the province," Klein announced at a private dinner. "It will be the longest highway named after a member of the Royal Family in Canada, and this goes to show that we don't do things by half measures in Alberta."

That's true. Just look at the oil-sands. Or, like, our total opposition to gay marriage. ☺

Flowers for Afghanistan

Journalist Nelofer Pazira reconciles her conflicted emotions about her homeland in moving new book

BY CAROLYN NIKODYM



With all of the adjustments to the weather, culture and language, emigrating to Canada from another country is a move often fraught with challenges. And the Pazira family's move to Moncton, New Brunswick 15 years ago after escaping from Afghanistan and living in Pakistan for over a year was no exception. Moncton was much smaller than Islamabad or Kabul, and since they arrived in October, there was the grim spectre of the impending Atlantic winter to deal with.

But as 31-year-old journalist and author Nelofer Pazira recounts, it was the little things that took the biggest adjustment—going to the grocery store and trying to decipher what was in the package was a family outing; unlike in Afghanistan, she

explains, the picture on the package doesn't necessarily correspond with what is inside. Once, a family friend brought a large bag of marshmallows to the Pazira household. Confused by the graphic of a rabbit on the package, Nelofer took the bag to her neighbour's house. As her friend opened the bag and began eating the sugary treats, she asked Nelofer if she wanted some. The shocked Nelofer quickly responded that her family didn't eat rabbit food. "She was laughing," says Pazira merrily on the phone from Toronto, "and she was, like, 'This is not rabbit food.' And I go, 'There, on the package, there, it shows the rabbit!' And she was laughing. She still recounts the story to people."

Pazira may include the story in

her next book, but for now she is promoting the recently released *A Bed of Flowers: In Search of My Afghanistan* and will be making a stop in Edmonton for a reading at Greenwoods' Bookshoppe this Thursday (May 26) as a part of her cross-country book tour. A moving tale of

PROFILE PREVUE

Pazira's experience growing up in Soviet-occupied Afghanistan, the 10-day trek to escape into Pakistan and the emotional trials of her journey back to her homeland in search of her friend Dyana, *A Bed of Flowers* will be familiar to anybody who has seen the film *Kandahar* (a fictionalized retelling of Pazira's search for

Dyana) or *Return to Kandahar* (Pazira's documentary of her return to Afghanistan after the fall of the Taliban). The book, however, recounts her story in much more detail than the films, and Pazira weaves with clarity and wisdom Afghanistan's journey as a country into her own as a person, making the tale as compelling as it is harrowing.

"I think the movie was very disturbing," Pazira says. "The documentary was worse. I could have had an emotional breakdown. I didn't, but I could have. The book was completely different, at the end of the day. At times, when I would go back into memory and think of things, I would cry and I would be upset about it. I would describe just one thing and I would feel emotionally exhausted and I would close my computer and want to sleep for 24 hours. It was really, really exhausting recounting it. But when I actually finished the book, I felt that it was cathartic."

THAT SENSE OF CATHARSIS comes across in spades in the book as Pazira strives to reconcile her desire for personal freedom with the reality of growing up in an occupied country, her affinity for the mujahidin fighting the Soviet army in Afghanistan with her alienation from the religious extremist mujahidin she met in Pakistan, and her immense opportunity in Canada with the lack of opportunity her friend Dyana experienced being a female under the Taliban. The reconciliations are hard-won, taking her on both emotional and physical journeys.

As a journalist, Pazira traveled to Iraq after the 2003 American invasion to discover how regular Iraqis were dealing with the occupation. "My curiosity basically was how the young girls in Iraq feel about the Americans," she explains. "That's the stage where I was writing about my own experiences of dealing with the Russians, so I was just curious. I didn't think that historically or politically it was exactly the same situation. But at least in terms of people on the ground—when a force comes to take over or starts dictating rules, it doesn't matter what they say it is for, you are unhappy with it."

"When I lived in Afghanistan," she continues, "I refused to learn Russian, I refused to go to Russia, I hated Russians and I never talked to a single Russian—not just a soldier, but even a civilian because they were the enemy." But during her experience in Iraq, it became clear Pazira would have to travel to Moscow and confront the demons of her past. "What happens with occupation, what a lot of people don't understand, unless you live under one and get out of it and look back at it critically, is that you develop a very internal hatred of another population."

EVEN WHILE TAKING ESL classes in Canada, Pazira was unable to talk to the two Russians in her class. "I wouldn't sit around the same table with them, and they wouldn't want to sit with me either," she confides. "It was almost a kind of unspoken understanding, that we were just two sides of the opposite border. And we didn't like each other." Although Pazira was eventually able

to intellectualize her feelings, knowing it wasn't the Russian people but the military she hated, landing in Moscow in January 2004, Pazira forced herself to come face to face with her conflicting emotions.

"When I was in the cab driving to the hotel, I had mixed feelings. I wanted to talk to the taxi driver and at least ask about things," she says. "But I felt so torn. Part of me was like, 'I don't want to talk to this person. It's just another Russian.' But part of me was like, 'No, I have to get over this.'"

Armed with a translator, Pazira talked to a pilot and a soldier, both of whom served in Afghanistan. But it wasn't until she talked to Lubov, the mother of a soldier who died there, that Pazira found some closure. In *Flowers*, Pazira writes, "Then Maria tells her that I am from Afghanistan—the country where her son died. Lubov walks up to me, puts her arms around me and kisses me three times on the cheek—in the Afghan tradition. And I wonder, of course, if my journey here to the country of the invaders was all about this moment. I never thought I'd live to see the day I'd be in Moscow, crying my heart out, listening to the tragic stories of Russian soldiers." Pazira says that it wasn't until she was in Moscow that she felt her internalized hatred towards Russians begin to change on an emotional level.

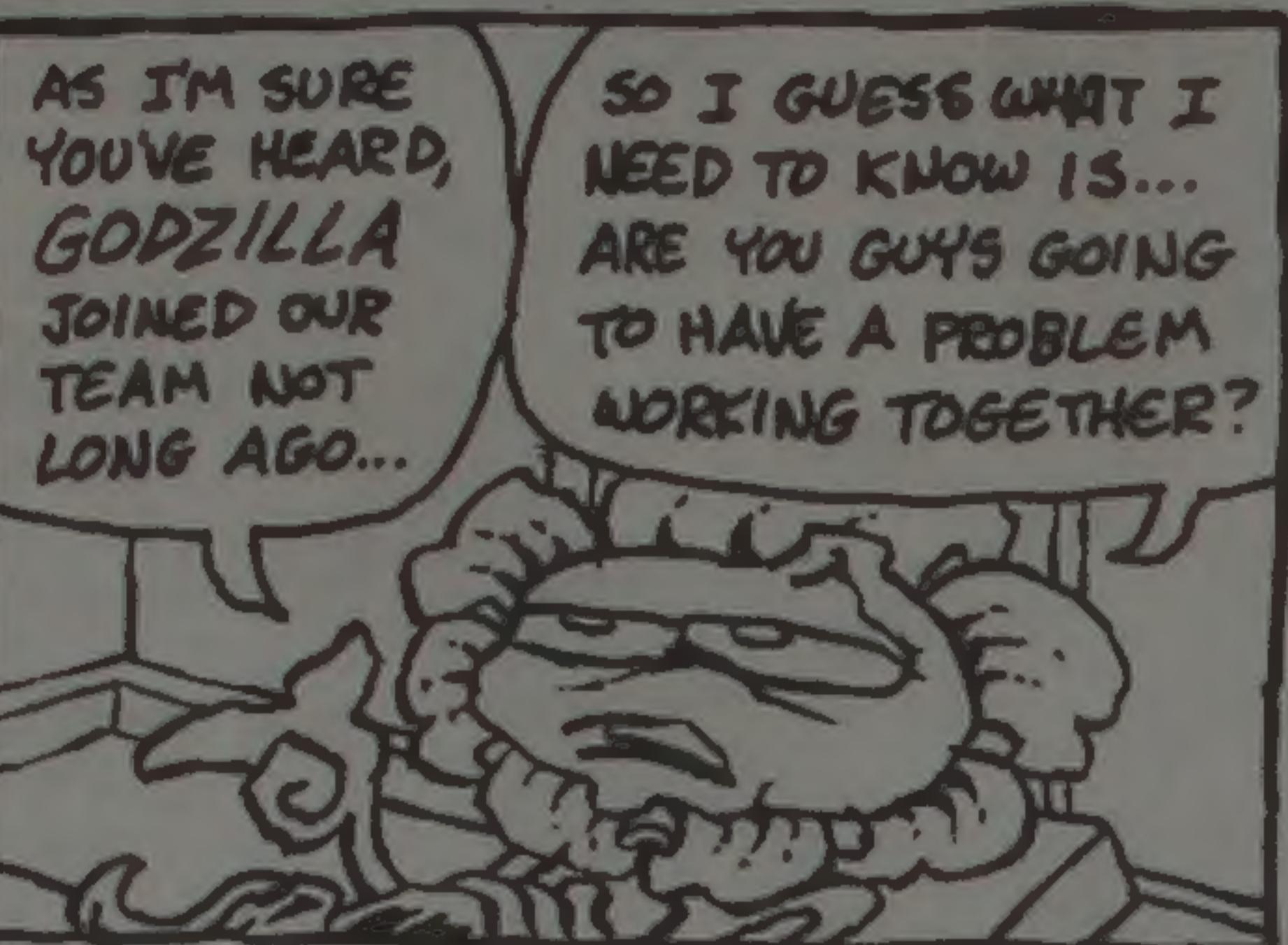
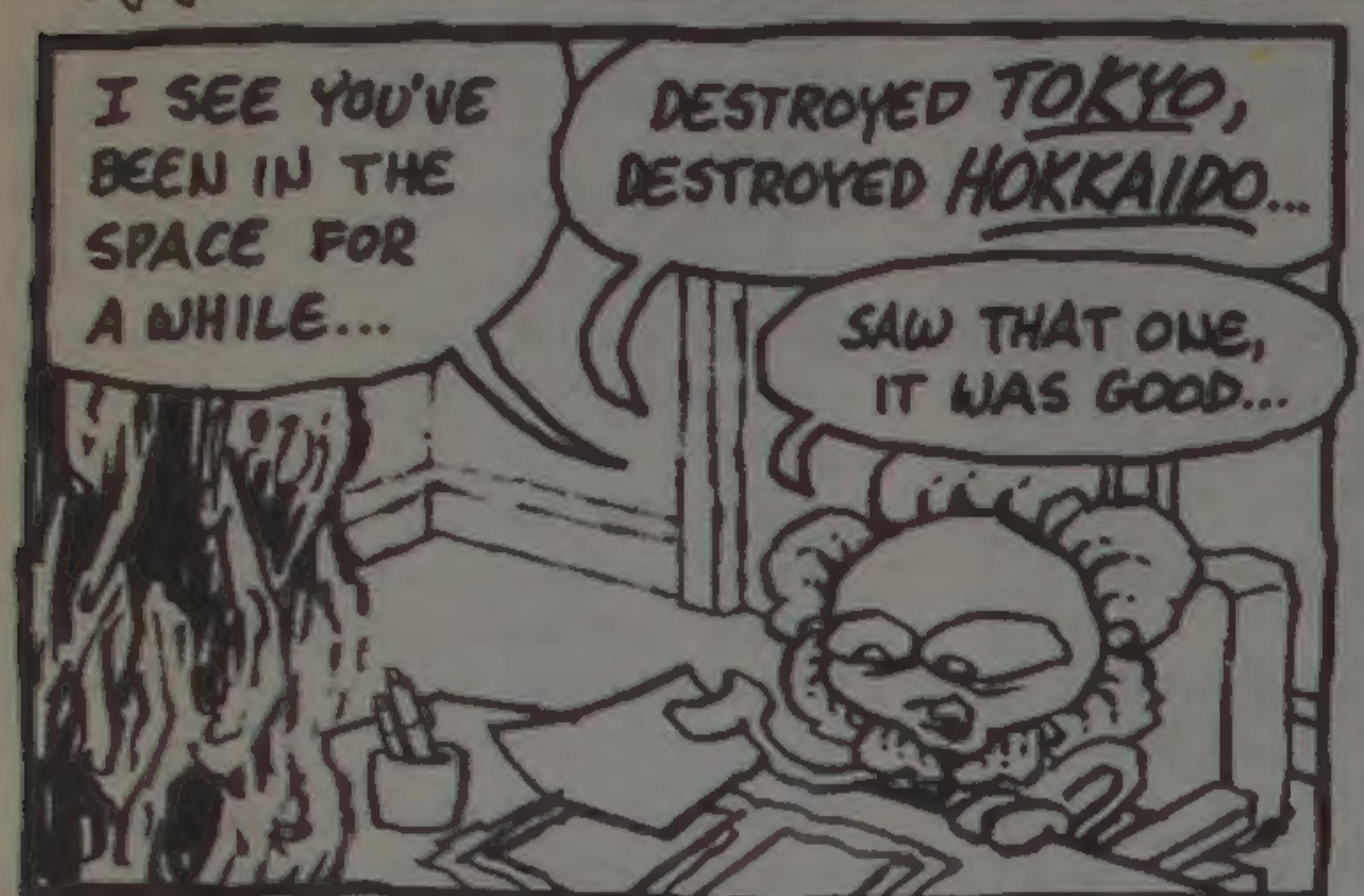
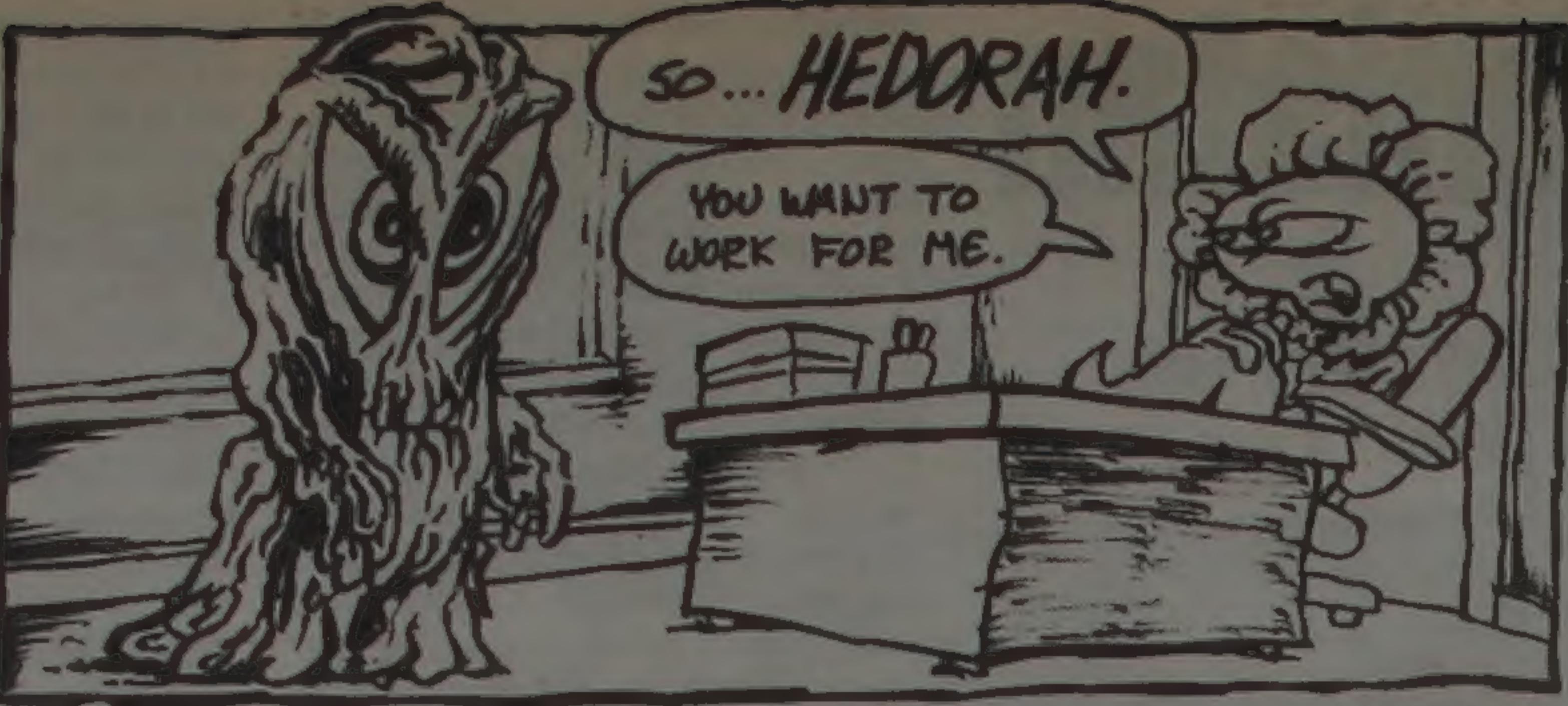
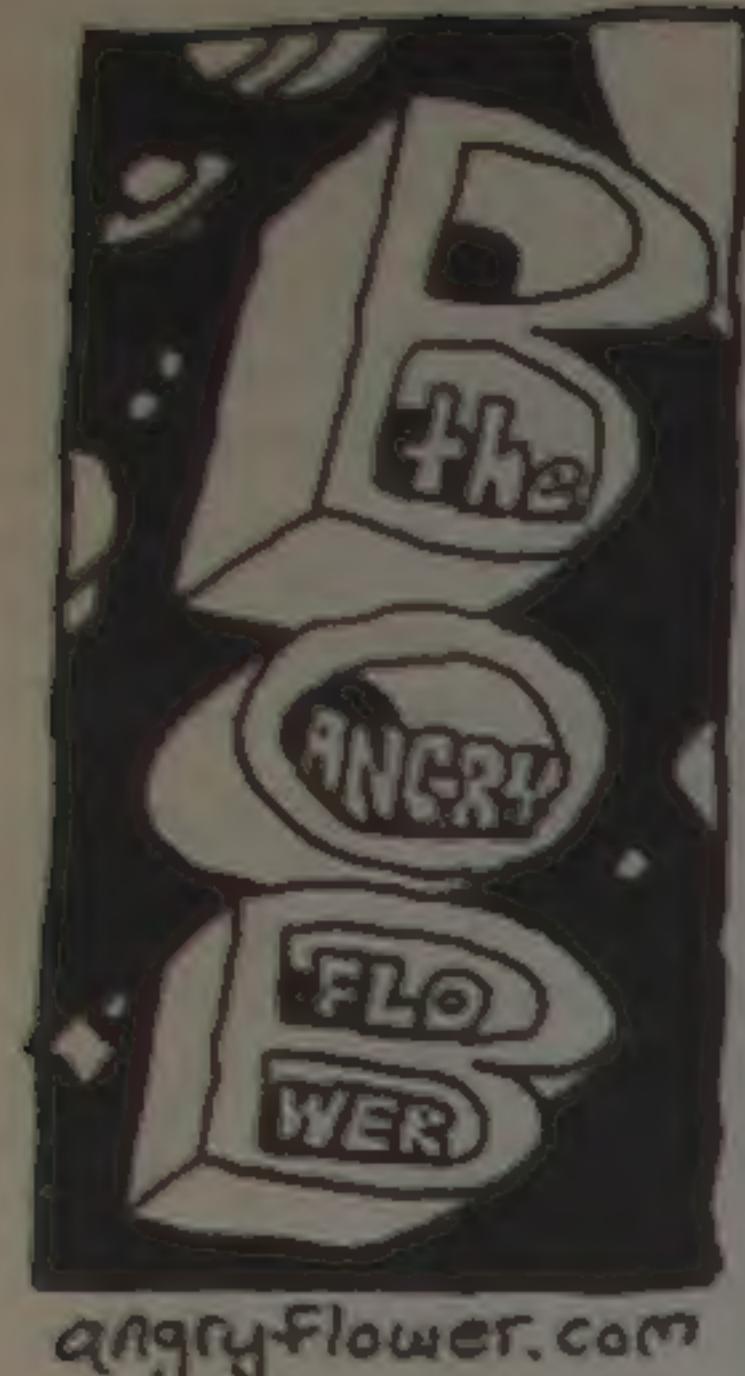
IT IS THROUGH THIS admission that Pazira reveals the strength of character required to live as unapologetically as she has in the face of so much adversity. It is the same character

that comes through repeatedly throughout *A Bed of Flowers*, a book she says she wrote to learn from, as well as to inform others about the plight of war-torn Afghanistan. "I would like people to think that Afghanistan doesn't begin and end with the word 'Taliban,'" she says. "It's a country that has had all sorts of its own sets of problems. They should look at it in its own complexity, as opposed to just constantly judge it as a country that produces warriors and killers and terrorists. And that was the big attempt, on my part, to try and go beyond that and talk about a period where the West was not bringing democracy to Afghanistan. It was not like a Coca-Cola bottle being imported; it was something that was indigenous."

"And people, like my father's generation, were actually kind of anxious to see the same kind of freedom that we're talking about today," she continues, "and that was in the 1950s and '60s. My mother was able to go to university in the 1960s and '70s, whereas a woman today has a much harder time in the city of Kabul, where she grew up, to dress and do and hope for a future the way my mother did. So that's my hope in what people take away from the book. It's just to have a little bit of a different look at the country, and think of Afghans like any other human being on the face of the planet, unfortunately caught in this web of disaster for the past 25 years." ♦

NELOFER PAZIRA

Greenwoods' Bookshoppe • Thu, May 26 (7:30pm)



life after gretzky

BY CHRIS BOUTET

Long may she rain

Well, I have to admit, when I first learned that my girlfriend and I had tickets to go see the Queen at this past Monday's Victoria Day-and-incidentally-also-an-Alberta-Centennial party at Commonwealth Stadium, I was a little excited.

Needless to say, this came as something of a surprise, considering that I usually find little hat-wearing old ladies to make for painfully boring company, especially when all you're allowed to do is stare at them from afar as they go about their sometimes-but-not-always-hat-related business. Still, I suppose that maybe I had managed to become swept up, however unwittingly, in the wave after wave of Queen Fever which have been rocking Edmonton over the past couple of weeks, leaving in their wake a previously nonexistent feeling of general pro-Queen-looking-at, which then spread slowly but exponentially like some super-strand of Ebola that melted our hearts instead of liquefying our organs like it did in that shitty Dustin Hoffman movie. Which one was that again? No, not *Hook*. Maybe it was *Kramer vs. Kramer*.

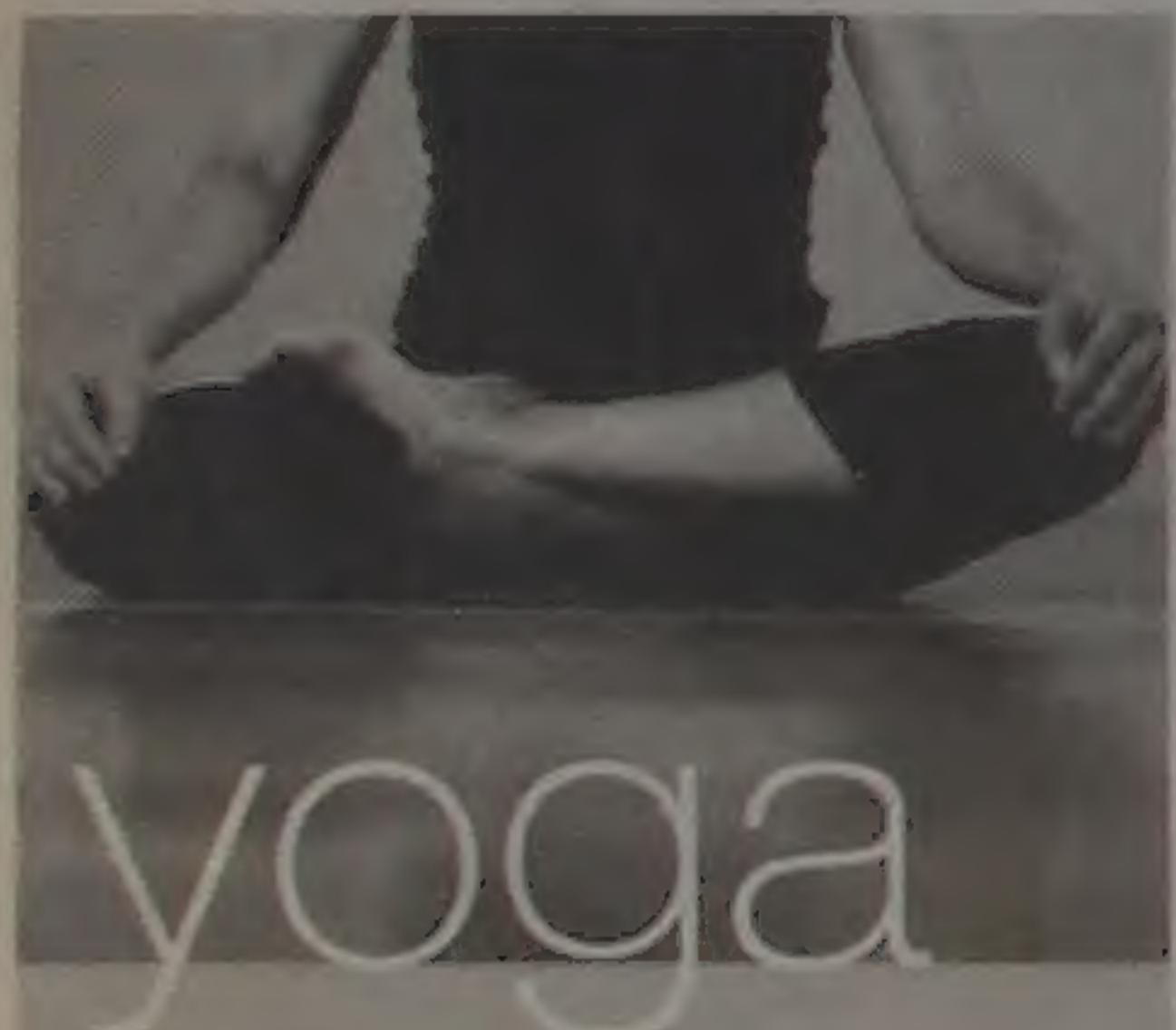
Anyhow, I mean, she is the Queen—and since time immemorial, has man not yearned to stare at the queen of whatever country is most relevant given the situation, in our case England? Of course we have. And on top of this, I found my sudden lust for queen appreciation only further stoked by the comprehensive Royal Visit 2005 supplement in Saturday's *Edmonton Journal*, in which the *Journal* news staff, ever eager to prove that they've totally got their fingers on the pulse of what Edmontonians give a flying fuck about, eagerly got to the bottom of such hot

topics as what the Royals eat while traveling and how the city planned to make the AgriCom not smell like horse-shit and car exhaust. That was all I needed; overcome by the heady intoxication of regality's proximity, I went to bed Sunday night intent on heading down to Commonwealth the next day for some serious, no-holds-barred Queen-looking.

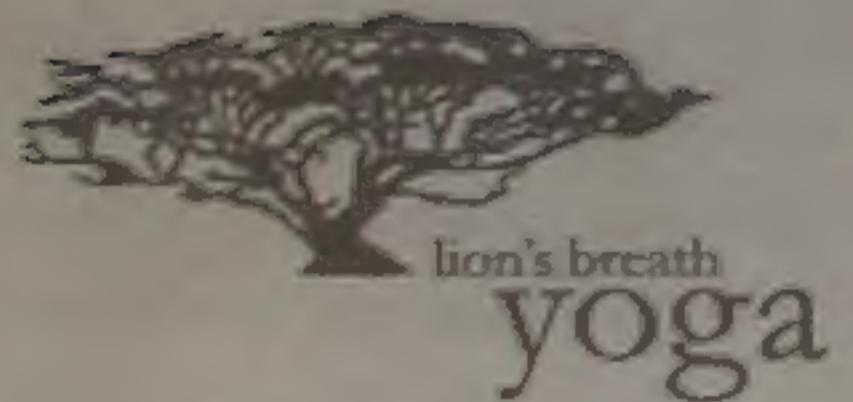
Then the rains came. Oh, sure—it wasn't a particularly heavy rain like the one last summer that flooded the drains and caused my bathtub to start puking up the bottom of the North Saskatchewan or anything, but it was wet. And not only wet, but kind of cold and windy as well. I went online to check the forecast, which said things weren't going to get any better by the afternoon; then I checked the news and discovered that the weather was, in fact, so bad that the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra was canceling their performance. And hell, if a bunch of hard-fightin', hard-drinkin' roughneck bastards like the ESO's woodwind section couldn't even stand to tough it out for the Queen, I sure as hell wasn't going to try. And, just like that, the spell was broken; now, here I sit, right back to feeling about the same way I've always felt about the Queen: mildly ambivalent. It's a pretty good feeling, I guess.

In the end, though, it's probably best that I didn't go. To tell the truth, I likely had a few unrealistic expectations about how much of a party was going to be had. I mean, if I'm going to haul my lethargic ass across town to the football stadium to watch an old person do things, I want to see her doing awesome things, like bursting through a giant paper screen of her face to wild cheers and then trotting around the track, pumping her arms and getting the crowd to do the Wave. Then, she'd jog up onto a stage and be all, "Hello, Edmonton! Boy, and I thought they knew how to welcome a monarch in *Regina*!" And we'd be like, "Boo, we hate *Regina*!" and then she'd strap on a double-necked guitar and burst into a blistering rendition of Van Halen's "Eruption."

Then, for the first time in my life, I might have actually felt a moment of real joy. ☺



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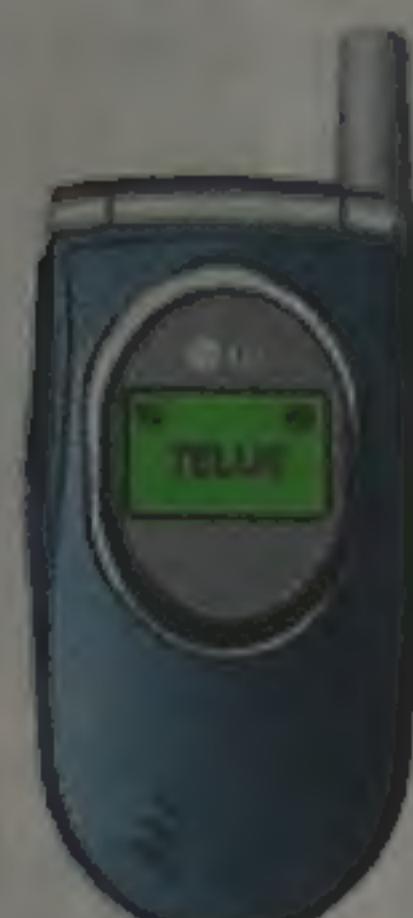
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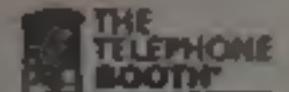
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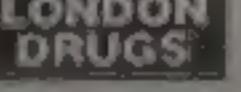
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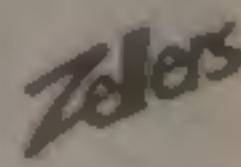
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Courtesy of Sinzio

Value of the dolls

Edmontonians granting "microcredit" help South Africans build a future

BY MINISTER FAUST

It's an aphorism of rugged, Western, business-tough-guy bravado: "I pulled myself up by my own bootstraps." But what are the people who can't afford boots—or whose boots have been stolen—supposed to do? And to push the metaphor to the point of breaking, can we pampered Westerners walk a mile in the moccasins of those who daily walk 100 miles barefoot?

NEWS

If Edmontonians Jean and Jim Bodie and their two-person development agency, Sinzio, have their way, it'll soon be easier for Canadians to help cash-poor but idea-rich South Africans to make their own boots, if not their own boot factory. And it'll all happen through a counter-dependency model called "microcredit" beginning in this, the United Nations International Year of Microcredit.

"Microcredit means very small loans to very poor people," explains Jean Bodie. "If you went to the bank and you had no collateral—no home or anything the bank could use to hold over your head—then they wouldn't give you a loan. In a lot of places in Africa and especially South Africa, where we were in the township areas, there would be no bank that could lend you any money. There would be loan sharks with enormous interest rates, because they don't care who they lend to, but you might lose your life if you don't pay back the loan. So our objective is to help people start small businesses. The loans aren't to pay off your debts or buy somebody a new dress; it's to start a small busi-

ness so they can get out of their poverty." The microcredit model inverts standard loan-approval criteria, so that lenders grant loans on the basis of poverty and need, not just business acumen.

For Jean, faith is a primary motivator in the Sinzio project (whose name means "sisters in Zion"), a faith that doesn't mandate passivity but rather active engagement with other human beings. She frequently refers back to Sinzio's motto: "A hand up, not a hand out." While the Ralph Kleins of the world may use such phrases to mask their structural adjustment rollbacks, Jean asserts sincerely that microcredit helps people

create a future for themselves. "If you give somebody a bottle of milk

today, that's good, because there's always immediate needs," she says. "But when the giver's gone away, there's nothing. If you send a young person to a school through funds provided by agencies, that's wonderful; they get schooling. But at the end of it all, if there's no jobs and no money, then they still can't use their education to lift themselves above it."

NOT ONLY CAN such a charity model teach helplessness and enforce dependency, but it can also do more to bolster the donors' self-image than to build the recipients' self-determination. "Dependency contributes to a lot of other social problems that they have, this feeling of no self-worth," says Jean. "Robert L. Woodson says in *The Triumphs of Joseph*, 'A true act of compassion doesn't require the surrender of self-respect in exchange for assistance... People on the receiving end who have never been given the chance to reciprocate will in due time despise not only the gift, but the giver.'"

Bodie cites the example of women who wanted to provide gifts

three dollar bill

BY RICHARD BURNETT

Backdoor slider

One of the biggest disappointments of my life is how I was unable to get the Montreal Expos to host a Gay Day at the Big O before Major League Baseball closed shop in Montreal and shipped the team to Washington, D.C.

It's not because I didn't try. Over two years ago at an Old Montreal cocktail party, I proposed to a principal Montreal 2006 OutGames organizer that they organize three major-league sports fundraisers over the three years leading up to the games: the first with the Montreal Expos, the second with the CFL's Montreal Alouettes and the third with the Montreal Canadiens, the winningest franchise in sports history after the New York Yankees. "But begin with the Expos," I said, "because they have nothing to lose. Once you get the Expos, the other teams will fall in line."

The question is whether biology will appease social conservatives or force them to abort a gay fetus. At the end of the day, which is the bigger evil: raising a homo or killing one?

Nothing came of my proposal. So the following year, in March 2004, I approached Montreal's Divers/Cité Gay Pride marketing director Paul Girard—who used to handle marketing for the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League—and introduced him to the Montreal Expos. Of course, 2004 turned out to be the Expos' last season in Montreal (and if you were hoping my baseball columns would go the way of Nos Amours, you were sadly mistaken).

We now know the good folks in the Expos front office were working under extreme pressure last year and there just wasn't enough time to get the Expos Gay Day off the ground. Still, I know the Expos brass would have done it. This was, after all, the team that welcomed me and a camera crew from the world's first gay sports TV show, *The Locker Room*, to spend a day with the team—something that still hasn't happened with any other sports franchise in the world. I also realize the Expos front office—staffed with gay-friendly Montrealers—did not reflect the cultural and societal attitudes of the players on the field, most of them Dominicans, Puerto Ricans and Americans from Red States.

brains (and like straight women's brains) when they sniff pheromones in testosterone; and a third study by the U.S. National Institutes of Health reports a first genome scan of male sexual orientation shows that genes help determine one's sexual orientation.

The question is whether biology will appease social conservatives or force them to abort a gay fetus. At the end of the day, which is the bigger evil: raising a homo or killing one?

As the Chicago Cubs' born-again catcher, former Expo and blond studmuffin Michael Barrett once told me, "God made everybody." With folks like Barrett's former teammate T.J. Tucker on the Washington Nationals payroll, it comes as no surprise the Nationals have so far resisted introducing a Gay Day despite a request from a local D.C. gay sports group. Worse, after Tucker's anti-gay statement about Joe Valentine's lesbian mom, a Nationals front office employee asked the *Newsday* reporter to back off and not bring up the subject of homosexuality in the clubhouse. "Makes the players uncomfortable," the employee said.

That never would have happened in Montreal. ☐

When I listed Expos pitcher Javier Vazquez at the top of my 2002 "Top 10 Gayest Straight Montrealers" in a local newspaper, I was actually on the field the day the paper made the rounds in the Expos clubhouse and the boys playfully teased an unhappy Vazquez. The *Montreal Gazette*'s baseball reporter Stephanie Myles later told me she explained to Vazquez, now with the Arizona Diamondbacks, that his topping the list was in fact a rather big compliment. "I wouldn't mind being on a list of the hottest straight Montrealers if it was written by a woman!" I heard Expos relief pitcher Scott Stewart quip.

Which is why I was not surprised to read that Florida native and Washington Nationals relief pitcher T.J. Tucker—who was with the Expos when I wrote Vazquez was "uh, hands down the most gorgeous man in Montreal"—was disturbed by Cincinnati Reds pitcher Joe Valentine's Mother's Day tribute to his two lesbian moms. "I've got nothing against those people," Tucker told *Newsday*. "But I don't get why anyone would want to be like that."

Of course, it's not that simple. Three studies published this year report there is such a thing as gay DNA. The first study reports gay men employ the same strategies for navigating as women (i.e., using landmarks to find their way around); the second shows how gay men's brains respond differently from straight men's



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Pride, Community, the Police Commission and the Police Service - 5-7pm, Monday June 20 - City Hall - Hosted By Michael Phair

Bonfire of The Rainbows - Wednesday, June 22 - PowerPlant at U of A, doors open at 7pm

Edmonton Vocal Minority Concert - 8pm, Thursday, June 23 - Provincial Museum of Alberta Theatre

Acts Of Pride - 8pm, Friday, June 24 - La Cite Francophone Theatre, 8627 91 Street

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2005 Pride Dance - 8pm, Saturday, June 25 - Citadel Theatre

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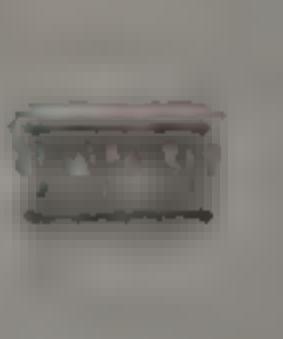


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infinite lives

BY DARREN ZENKO

In or out?

Oh, yes... the Electronic Entertainment Expo, E3, glorious centre of the videogaming universe. Seven years I've been covering videogames, week after week. Seven years of PlayStation and Game Boy and Game Boy Color and Game Boy Advance and Game Boy Advance SP, of PlayStation 2 and XBox and N-Gage and DS and—oh, why did I ever abandon you, my sweet darling?—Dreamcast. Seven years of running and jumping for coins and gems, of leveling up, of late nights and bad diet, of anticipation and disappointment, of hours and hours and hours of killing and killing and killing until my nights are filled with the screeching, poorly sampled and overcompressed digital screams of my countless victims and my thumbs are covered in a hideous coat of red pixels that not even blowing on the cartridge can erase. Seven years I've ratched monsters and flown spaceships, seven years I've kung-fu fought and shopped for swords, seven years I've confronted ancient evils from beyond the gates of time and run errands for lazy animals. Seven years... and I've never been to E3.

I'd planned to go this year. Well, not so much "planned" as "kind of daydreamed and hoped somehow it would happen magically by itself." Sometimes that works! The *real* dream wasn't even the being there, with the bleepnoise and technomusic and explosions and geeksweat, with the eye-popping demos and half-naked chicks undressed like hideous ball-breaking homicidal videogame bitch-goddesses... the dream was of the aftermath. In this dream, I went to E3, did my pilgrimage... and got out. In

the dream, I wrote and sold one final big feature, eBayed all my consoles, games, peripherals and paraphernalia—right down to my signed *Jade Empire* standee and my treasured copy of *Incredible Crisis*—bought a shitbox truck with the proceeds and headed out of town to wait for either the End Times of John's Apocalypse or the TransHuman Ascension, whichever came first.

I didn't make it this year—poor planning, no money, lack of effort put into sucking up a sellout junket from some Donny Deepockets like Microsoft—and thus have set aside the rest of the dream, for now. I can't have one without the other; without the cleansing *hajj* to that broadband Babylon, my survivalist hermitage would be bitter. Plus, I realize now that my desire to get outta this game—a sweet, sweet game; I won't deny it—is motivated less by some kind of noble desire to put aside my participation in a shallow, consumerist, unsustainable exercise in cynical First World decadence and more by sheer laziness: in my ease-loving heart of hearts, the coming Age of

**Seven years I've
confronted ancient evils
from beyond the gates of
time and run errands for
lazy animals.**

Videogames terrifies me. I mean, look at all this shit! How can I stay on top of everything that's going on and still maintain my outrageous work-to-pay ratio?

Ah, just kidding; staying on top of things isn't the problem. It's just... I mean... you know... three new systems launching, plus whatever fucked-up surprises lurk around the dark corners of the industry. Heavy pushing of online gaming—which I still say is motivated more by a desperate, paranoid need for datacontrol and a larcenous instinct for nickel-and-dime pickpocketing than a real demand from console gamers—and a huge move up to mobile wireless multiplayer. Argh! Look; I'm an *offline* gamer, and mostly single-player. It's not that I'm not into *games* anymore, it's that I'm super-not-interested in *playing* most of

the supposedly exciting new games the way they're marketed and meant to be played—multiplayer, on-line.

I resist this networking for a variety of reasons, but mostly because I'm a horribly addictive personality and a compulsive escapist and I know—I know—that the first time I find a really entertaining online game with people I dig my life—my real life, where sex and sunshine are to be found—is effectively over. I know this, and I'd rather not tempt myself. I can't go back in time and undrink that first illicit plastic-cupped draft beer at that Ukrainian hall party, I can't go back and unsmoke that first joint in the fire-escape stairwell of the Tory Building, but I can prevent myself from creating a character in a massively multiplayer online game and kissing my dignity goodbye. I was into LambdaMOO and other online communities back in the day, and I barely got out with my meat-life intact; I'm not going to give newfangled addictive additives like *graphics* and *sound* a chance to get their hooks in me.

What I need to do is come to terms with my role as a gaming writer. Everyone's gotta have a niche, and mine is as a single-player gamer who tends to focus on RPGs, adventures, turn-based tactical games and bizarre niche titles. Can I be happy with that? Yes, eventually; the fact is that despite what the marketing machines try to tell us ("It's good to play together"), we offline gamers are the vast—I mean, *vast*—majority. The two-million-plus XBox Live subscribers (and that number's iffy in itself), for example, don't even represent five per cent of games consumers. The only thing we have to fear—besides fear itself, of course—is that the next-gen push (more of a rude shove) to get gamers connected will result in online being mandatory: games shipping in a state consoles today would consider incomplete, with "extra downloadable content" (and the inevitable PC-style bug patches) being necessary for the game to be passably playable and/or functional.

Okay, I've convinced myself. I'm still in, if only to see where all this bullshit is headed. I've come this far, and I'll go down fighting for my right to play with myself. ☺



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The Centennial Stage is proudly presented through the generous support of our Corporate Sponsor, allRewards.com, and our Media Sponsors, Cool880 & Vue Weekly. The first-ever Centennial Stage will be a welcoming experience for all ages, and musical & entertainment tastes.

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4:00 pm - Bearspaw Wild West Show

4:45 pm - Tracy Millar

5:30 pm - Clairvoyant Christine Hurley

6:15 pm - Mandy Baker

7:00 pm - Cowboy Poetry

CENTENNIAL STAGE

11:15 am - Love Junk

12:00 pm - Bearspaw Wild West Show

12:45 pm - Alexia Melnychuk

1:30 pm - Cowboy Poetry

2:15 pm - The Stone Merchants

3:00 pm - Clairvoyant Christine Hurley

3:30 pm - (SOCAN) Songwriters Circle *

5:00 pm - Bearspaw Wild West Show

5:45 pm - Dale Ladouceur

10:30 am - Clairvoyant Christine Hurley

11:15 am - St Albert Singers Guild

12:00 pm - Bearspaw Wild West Show

12:45 pm - Roland Majeau

1:30 pm - St Albert Singers Guild

2:30 pm - SLACK TIME DUE TO CONCERT

3:45 pm - (SOCAN) Songwriters Circle *

5:30 pm - The Swifty's

* Confirmed for Songwriters

Clairvoyant Christine Hurley, Roland Majeau, Dale Ladouceur,

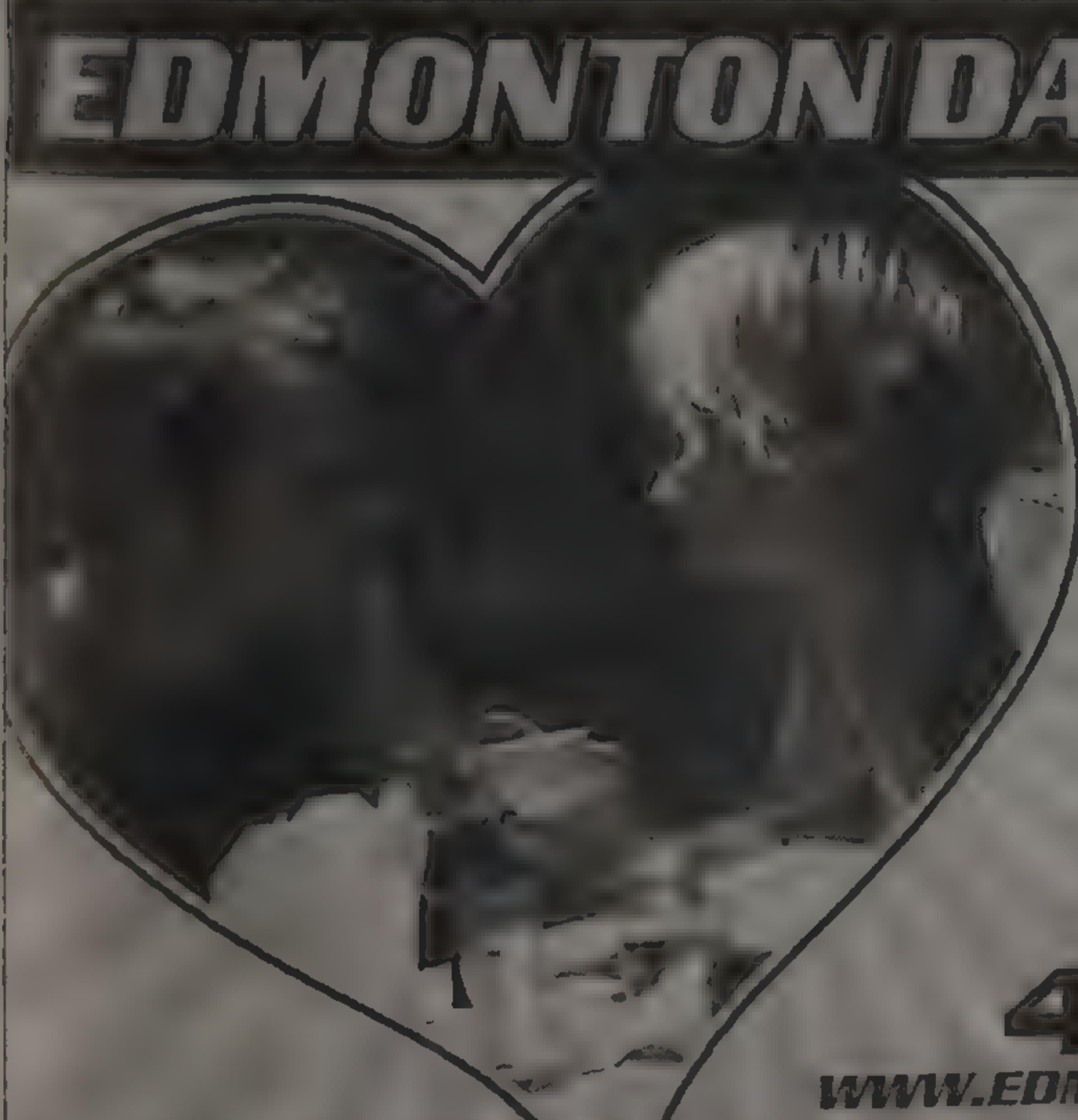
St Albert Singers Guild, Alexia Melnychuk, Aaron Goodwin,

Love Junk, Tracy Millar

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Sinzie Project

Continued from page 10

at Christmas for a group of local poor children at a women's shelter. While the mothers could witness what charity had provided for their excited children, they were joined by the donors who, understandably, wanted to see the children's reactions. Unfortunately, the mothers ended up feeling useless. "Sometimes it's the rush that the giver gets that motivates them," she says. The donor who realized what her group had inadvertently done suggested to her colleagues that they find ways the following year to help the women buy gifts themselves, such as providing childcare while the women worked; the next Christmas, the needy women had met their own needs, and when their children opened their gifts, the only witnesses were their own families.

THE BODIES DIDN'T start off intending to champion economic development; the Euro-Canadian couple first went to South Africa in April 2002 to perform missionary work which included AIDS education. One day while working in the township of Kwa-Nobuhle, Jean Bodie felt divinely inspired—literally. "I was visiting with a lady and she had beautiful dolls she'd sewn," Jean says, "and many of them were black dolls; they were just gorgeous. And I said, *that's the idea!* The Lord had given me a way to go back and do something."

Jean and her husband soon decid-

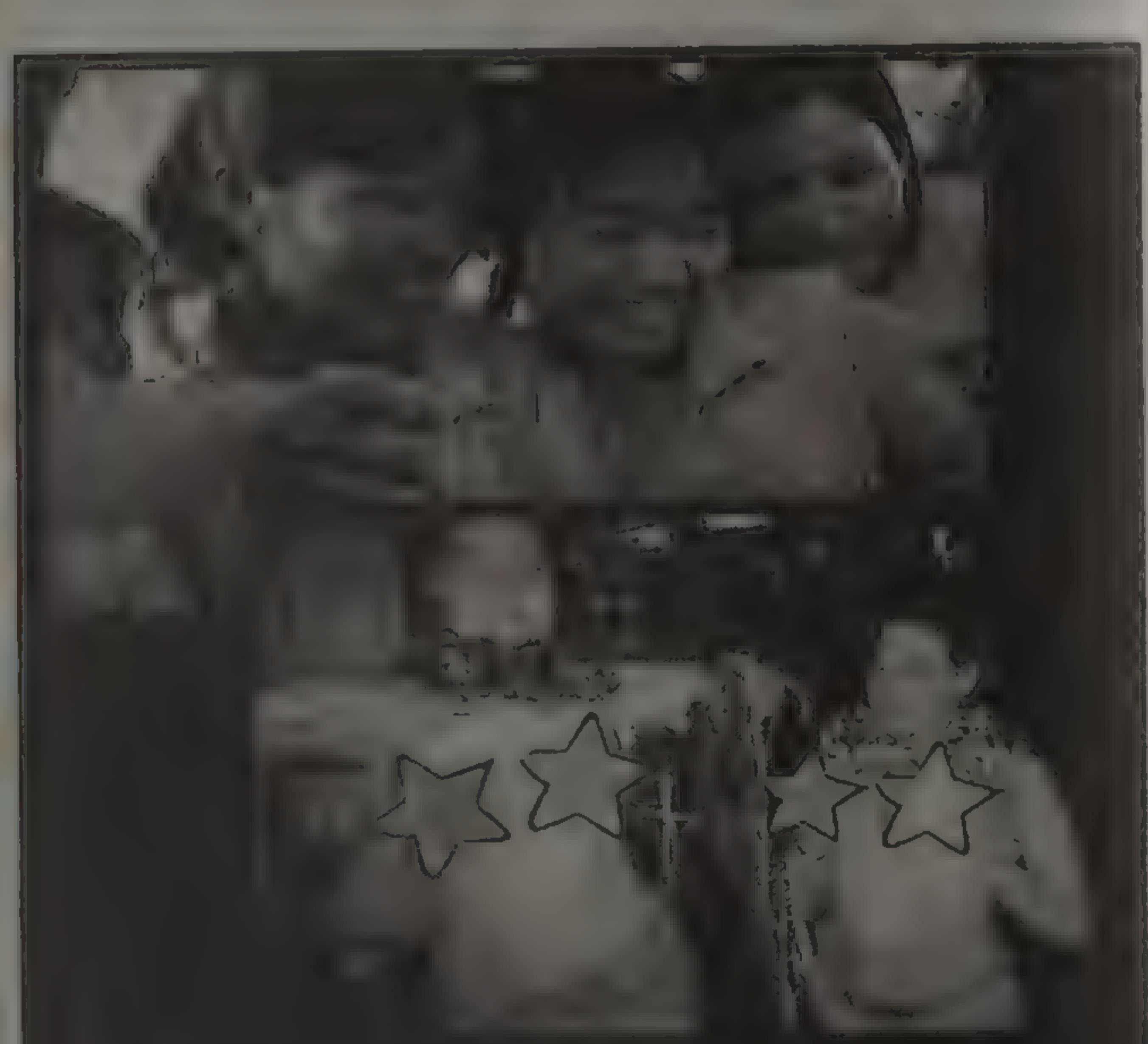
ed that they could fund the production of such dolls and similar employment-building projects through microcredit, a concept they would learn in detail through the Marriott School of Business out of Brigham Young University. Tapping into their own network of friends, they came up with a practical design for decorative dolls made from soft cloth and employing brightly-coloured clothing suggesting various motifs of continental cultures.

But the Bodies won't be dictating to lendees what types of projects they'll fund. While Jean is excited about the possibilities of the nascent doll business, she says, "People need to choose their own projects. That's where their hearts are; if they've got an idea for a small business, then they'll do it.... I know there are people who want to open a business sewing."

This Friday, the Bodies are throwing a benefit concert and dance night featuring local rock band Out of the Blue to raise capital to fund the first phase of their microlending operation in South Africa. Jean is quick to assert that after hall rental and similar expenses, every dollar will be going into the project; neither she nor her husband will be getting paid. With any luck, though, everyone else associated with Sinzie soon will be. And paying others, too. ☐

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GLOBAL VISIONS FILM FESTIVAL PRESENTS MARDI GRAS: MADE IN CHINA

Director, Editor & Producer: David Redmon

A 53 minute documentary that explores the production, consumption, and disposal of Mardi Gras beads. Filmed on location in Fuzhou, China and New Orleans, Louisiana. *Mardi Gras: Made in China* follows "The Bead Train" backwards from the bacchanalia at Mardi Gras in New Orleans to the factories in Fuzhou where the beads are made. It's a story of globalization told by the owner of the largest Mardi Gras bead distributor in the world, 1000+ large Chinese bead-workers, and carnival kids. When each group is shown images of the other, the cycle of misunderstanding goes a long way to explaining how the unjust system is kept in place.

Thursday, May 26th - 7 pm at the Metro Cinema



48 Hour Film Festival

Continued from page 4

mandatory location, an editing effect, words or phrases plucked at random by festival convenors from the *Edmonton Sun*, and props such as a plunger. Festival convenors even created their own Alberta content rules ("Ab-Con") requiring one team to use perogies. Contestants paid \$150 to enter, but that's not to finance Hannley's first feature. \$100 goes back to each film team in an equipment voucher at FAVA, the Film and Video Arts collective based in the river valley's Ortona Armoury; the other \$50 goes toward prizes awarded by festival judges.

IN THE DWINDLING MINUTES before the 5 p.m. Sunday deadline, frantic, sleep-deprived crews rushed to hand in their final cut, having fully absorbed the filmmaker's maxim that one never really finishes a film—one just stops

editing it. All crews shot and submitted their work on digital video, with one crew actually submitting a DVD. Several of the filmmakers concede that the brevity of the contest gives them something they've desperately needed: a filmic foot in the ass. "What this festival does best is give you a time limit," says lensman Mike Sanders. "A time limit is good and bad. In one way, you're over and done with it in 48 hours. You can wash your hands of it and you're not dragging out finding time or saying, 'Oh, I should always edit that thing.' But then there's the time crunch. Forty-eight hours is not enough time to make a movie."

Darrell Els, a visiting filmmaker from South Africa and festival co-ordinator, regards DV as a democratizing tool, seizing filmmaking fire from the hands of Hollywood's Olympus. "It's really a question of just getting out there and doing it," he says. "There's no more excuses not to make the film." Colleague Tim Roth adds that the power of DV is in its ability to flat-

ten the learning curve and raise the growth curve. "Without even having experience editing, filming or lighting, someone can look back and say, 'Now I can make this better using the limited resources I have,'" Roth says. "You can make a really good movie with the smallest of scale and budget and technology."

Hannley's so enthusiastic about the results that he's not planning a festival for next year—he's planning one for September long weekend. "We had groups who came to us the

next day after the deadline for entry saying, 'That's a great idea! I really want to do it! That's an amazing idea—can I do it too?'" he says. "The interest in it is incredible. We thought we'd get three or four entries, plus our two groups'. But 12 entries in total? That blew us away."

The films will be screened on Friday in two shows within the Black Dog's cramped downstairs room, a setting which Hannley feels will encourage the community feeling of the festival. "When you put [films]

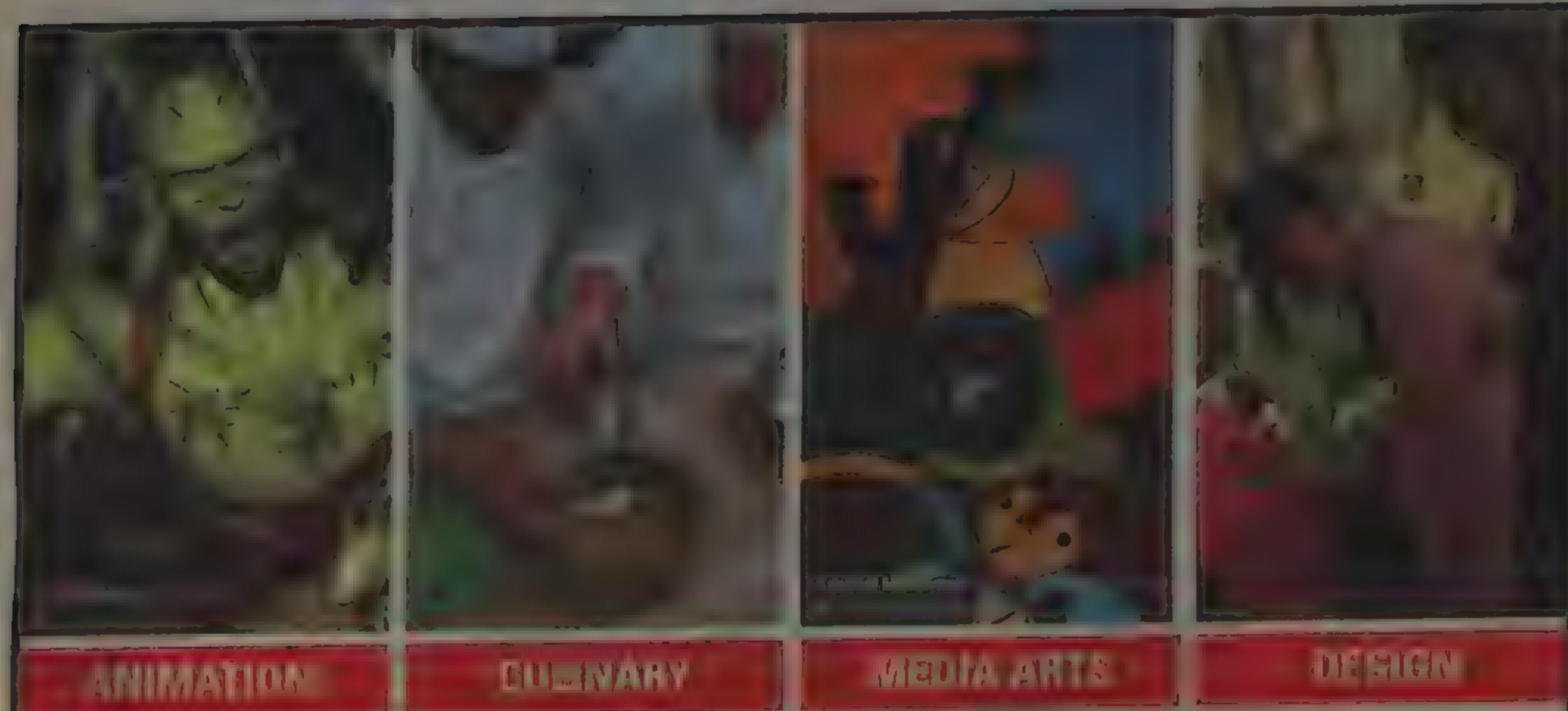
out in a theatre, everybody sits and watches and then they get up and they leave," he says. But with the viewing room being so tiny, "people will see everybody involved and it's really easy to approach people. That's kickstarting the community—everybody will be able to talk to everybody else."

FORTY-EIGHT HOUR FILM FESTIVAL

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A school full of class clowns

How I learned to stop worrying about comedy school and love to bomb

BY KEVIN GILLESE

When I first arrived at Humber College in September for their post-graduate comedy writing and performance program, I thought I was the shit. In retrospect I was probably just overcompensating for my insecurities that nobody would find me funny at all. I strolled into class less interested in learning than proving to all the other students and teachers that I didn't need this school. I was going to blow everyone away with my off-the-charts comedic talent and cakewalk through the year without blinking. Little did I know that: (a) everybody thinks that on their first day; and (b) this program intentionally pushes you to the limits of your endurance. Despite the fact that I began as the most experienced comedian in my class, my year at Comedy College was by far the most ego-shattering, eye-opening and energy-consuming time of my life.

Looking at a list of alumni of Humber College's comedy program is enough to make any aspiring comic salivate. The top graduates go on to careers writing for television, performing comedy festivals around the world and getting scooped up

COMEDY

into jobs in L.A. Meanwhile, two thirds of every graduating class fades into obscurity. There is no middle ground; either you kill or you bomb. I exploded into my first day of class determined to succeed.

Two weeks later, I was in full-blown panic mode. Nobody was acknowledging me for the superior comedy mind that I clearly was. Even more terrifying, I was being forced to do things I had never done before, like performing stand-up comedy and writing news-based "Weekend Update" jokes. Many of my fellow students had more experience in these fields than I did and I wasn't exactly dominating the field

like I thought I would. My god damned pride demanded that I emerge as the undisputed front-runner for the year-end "Best New Comic" award so for the next few months I dedicated myself day and night to being the best at every class

It worked. By Christmas, I was one of the alpha comics in my class, but I still wasn't happy. I was getting solid marks in all my classes and my peers were even starting to refer to me as a robot due to amount of work I was accomplishing, but something wasn't right. It took a break from school and an ounce of mind-expanding plants for me to realize what was up: I had been approaching this program all wrong. I was too focused on pleasing my professors and competing with the other students. I should have been thinking about pleasing myself and making friends with the amazing

comics around me. I needed to start considering the ways in which I could benefit from the program as opposed to just trying to conquer it.

AFTER THE BREAK, something amazing happened: I started to bomb. And although it was humbling and painful... it felt kind of great. Bombing is one of the most important parts of comedy; it means you're pushing the boundaries, trying something new. It's important to bomb—unless you want to spend your whole career doing jokes that other people have done first. Safe jokes might get decent laughs, but the back of the room will cringe and that won't make you any friends in the industry. Comedy is supposed to be dangerous by nature. Comedy is finding that line in the sand and intentionally crossing it... then pissing on it. If you aren't making bold moves with your comedy,

then you aren't really succeeding. And I guess I was really succeeding because my sets were bombing regularly.

I also started to make new friends. I collaborated with the fabulous Groen brothers to create a great short film; I started writing another short with Rebecca Addelman and I refined the art of sitting around after comedy shows to talk joke-shop with my classmates. I began using school as a safe place to experiment with new ideas that I wouldn't necessarily have had the balls to try in front of the paying public. I kept working hard but I also tried to have fun and enjoy the work I was creating. Second semester was great, from sketch class to stand-up class to sitcom writing class; I wasn't always the leader but I felt creative and happy. Somehow being creative and funny day in and day out became easier when life wasn't a competition.

That's not to say that things were

easy. There were still times when I would leave school, blinking back tears, swearing that I would walk away for good. The cause of these breakdowns would generally be a professor who had trampled on my ego by giving me notes that I disagreed with or had shot down an idea of mine. It's all part of the deal and learning to deal with that kind of situation is a valuable skill. In the words of one of my harshest professors, responding to students furious that their sketches got cut from his show,

"Don't blame me; blame the process."

THE YEAR-END industry showcase arrived sooner than I wanted and I strutted for the Toronto casting directors and agents with my comedy plumage in full bloom. As one of the major players in the class, I had a lot of responsibility in the final show (writing/performing several sketches, performing stand-up, rewriting other people's sketches) but like anything else, it didn't seem like such a big deal. What does seem like a big deal is the cool group of comics that I get to roll with now in Toronto. And the short film I'm producing with Rebecca. And global warming—that's serious crap, man. ☺

hindsight it doesn't.

At the end of the show they announced the winner of the award for the year's best new comic, the prize I had coveted since day one. And you know what? I totally didn't win it. I know: total bullshit, right? But like anything else, it didn't seem like such a big deal. What does seem like a big deal is the cool group of comics that I get to roll with now in Toronto. And the short film I'm producing with Rebecca. And global warming—that's serious crap, man. ☺

The Top 5 Things I Learned at Humber

(5) Comedy is totally subjective. One man's "gold" is another man's "huck." And one man's "genius new joke" is another man's "what the shit?"

(4) Comedy school will not make you funny. You either are or you aren't. What the school *can* teach you is how to transform your talents into jobs. These jobs will not necessarily be well-paying.

(3) Writing is rewriting. If you don't rewrite your stuff, you are a chump. Personally, I wrote this whole

article in one draft. Who's the chump now? (That question is rhetorical.)

(2) Making cold calls is the scariest thing ever, but it's also super-important. People might be rude to you sometimes, but you'll also make wicked progress.

(1) Your creativity is a natural resource that you can exploit. Unfortunately, it is less valuable than, say, lumber or oil, so you'll basically have to clearcut your mind or drill your imagination dry in order to make a profit. —KEVIN GILLES

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Cajun House has atmosphere, great food, low prices and, thankfully, no Dixieland bands

BY CHRISTOPHER THRALL

Creole. Jambalaya. Gumbo. Truly, the exotic syllables of Cajun cuisine roll off the tongue and land in the libido, as ingredients left over from moonlit rituals in swamp glades are whipped into a frenzy by the street rhythms of the French Quarter and woven into gastronomic enchant-

ments by kitchen magicians adapting their French recipes to Mississippi Delta ingredients. New Orleans has sent its roots deep into the repressed North American psyche, producing fruits rich in mystique and hedonism.

St. Albert's **Cajun House**, thankfully, is circumspect in paying homage to these roots, with nary a breasts-for-beads exchange or impromptu jazz quartet to be found—although the

CAJUN

huge Mardi Gras masks combined with exposed brick, dark wood and wrought-iron fixtures do bring echoes of the French Quarter into the restaurant. Noise and sinfully seductive aromas gathered in the space of the slanted ceiling above as my wife and I arrived *sans enfant* on an early Friday evening.

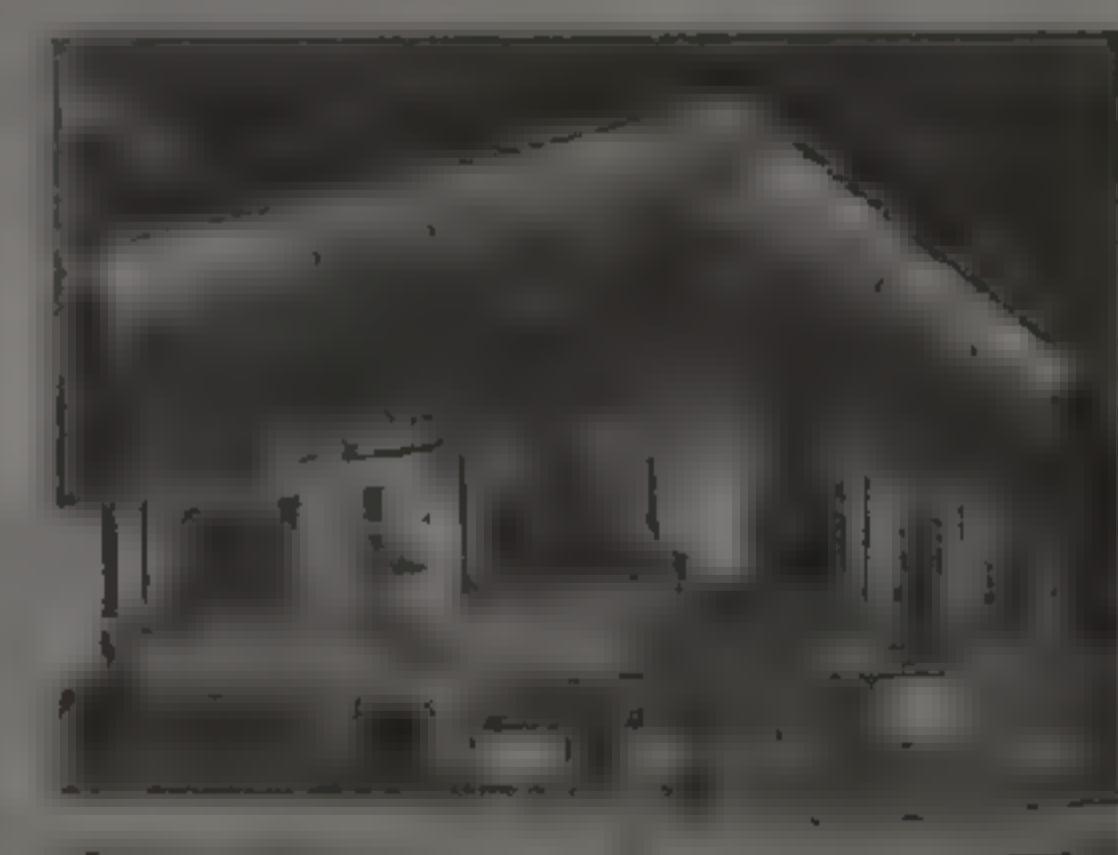
Despite picking possibly the worst time to roll up without a reservation, we were nonetheless seated by our friendly server within 10 minutes. From our table, we watched the evening light slant across the parking lot through full-size windows running the length of the restaurant. Our harried server rushed to our table and painted a luscious picture of the pan-fried halibut special before dashing off

to gather my wife's lemonade (\$2.25) and my root beer (\$1.95). She revealed that she had two other tables seated in her section at the same time. Remembering our own days in the service industry, we grinned at each other as we turned our attention to our gaily decorated menus.

"I'm having the special," my wife announced with desperate certainty after a quick glance at our dining options. "There are way too many good things in there." The Cajun House menu featured inexpensive po'boys, gumbos and jambalayas; in short, every Creole dish I had ever sampled and enjoyed, which left me in a pickle. Delectable descriptions of blackened catfish, steak in feta cheese and pecan-crusted chicken set my head to spinning. Well past the point of making a choice, I copped out with the first combination I saw: the Cajun House Combination Plate (\$10.50). The selection promised jambalaya, shrimp Creole, red beans and smoked sausage. I tried to convince my wife to start with frog's legs (tastes like swamp chicken, I've been told), but we settled on coconut shrimp (\$7.95) instead.

THE COCONUT SHRIMP arrived relatively quickly; six piping-hot prawns basked in their thick breading, sweet-

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ned by crispy strands of coconut meat as we savoured the salty contrast of the dark soy dipping sauce. Awaiting our entrées, we watched a stream of servers maintain a boisterous 25th anniversary party in the back room. I checked my watch twice and my wife was grumbling about one of the simultaneously seated couples finishing their dinners when I finally caught our server's eye. She informed us that the huge party's appetizers had delayed our entrées, but ours should be up right away.

Our server returned a short while later with our dishes; their sight and smell almost banished the memory of the 45 minutes that passed since the shrimp were cleared away. Both of us dove in immediately. I nibbled around my jambalaya at first, teasing myself with the delicious red beans and popping a couple of plump, firm Creole-spiced shrimp into my mouth. The rich, mildly spicy combination was stunning, and nearly every bite included ham, sausage or chicken as well as the delicious mixture of spicy rice, peppers and tomatoes. The heat built gradually on my palate and I appreciated the glass of water beside me, but I never had to lunge for it.

Meanwhile, my wife was mowing through her *petit*-sized special (\$11.95). A generous portion of pan-fried halibut lay under a yellow tomato sauce. Next to her steamed vegetables, the roasted potato was sliced into tender discs and sprinkled with herbs. My wife was ecstatic about her choice and the light, tender and juicy white meat was well worth the wait. The yellow tomato sauce tasted almost squash-like and balanced the halibut beautifully. Never one for fish, one taste of her entrée made

me an instant convert. Not that I was trading my jambalaya, of course.

SADLY, our dessert aspirations were temporarily derailed by the quantity of food and the hunger-induced speed with which we consumed it. I knew my wife well enough, however, to suggest we take them to go. After another delay, we left the restaurant, weighed down with my girl's Mississippi Mud Pie (\$4.95) and my flourless, bitter-sweet chocolate cake (\$4.25). We managed to make it all the way to the car before she tore into the takeout containers. I was a little disappointed in the dense brownie floating in a whipped cream pool, but her chocolate mousse-chocolate cheesecake-chocolate crust dessert was a sensation. Our bellies screamed in protest as we devoured every bite and

began the long drive back downtown.

We were just over \$50 lighter and absolutely stuffed. I couldn't believe that this popular little restaurant in plutocratic St. Albert wasn't charging far more for its outstanding cuisine. All they needed for ambiance was an exuberant jazz ensemble and a voodoo priestess going table to table offering curses and aphrodisiacs. My wife was relieved that Cajun cooking's spicy reputation hadn't meant scorching her mouth, although she commented that my mother would have hated it. Since we were discussing a woman who wouldn't order Mary Brown's curly fries because of their unbearable heat, I laughed all the way into the city. ☺

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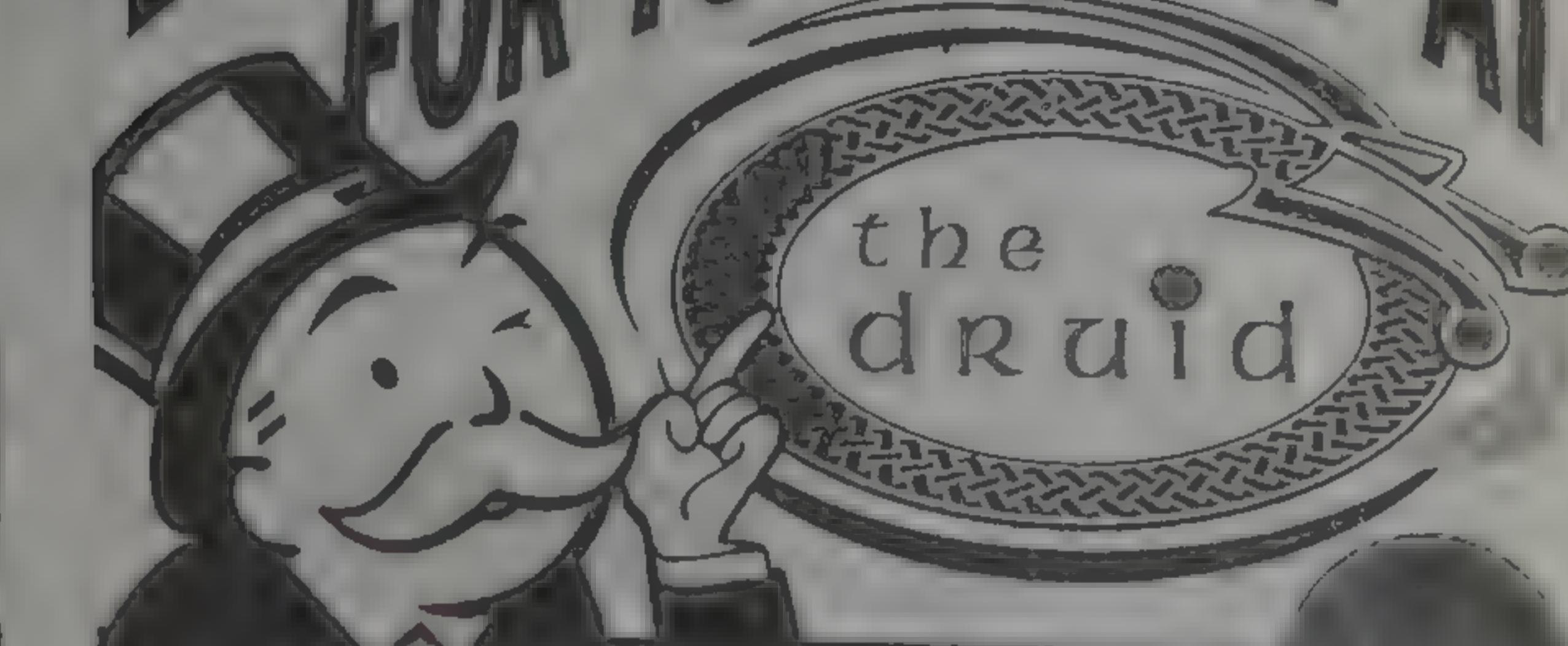
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DISH

Euphoria at the trattoria

Oliveto's perfect
pasta dispels
memories of
location's
unlucky past

BY IAIN ILICH

I have strange memories about the location in Riverbend Square that currently houses **Oliveto Trattoria**. When I arrived in Edmonton in the early '90s, Paula Abdul album and MC Hammer pants in tow, our family settled in the sprawling fields of Riverbend. I recall it as being a strangely perfect place, full of cookie-cutter houses and pristine vinyl siding, complete with a strip mall so new that the Safeway shelves had yet to be installed and stocked. Compared to my native Winnipeg, Edmonton seemed to glow with an air of newness, of Disney-esque perfection. And then, one day, my illusions of a suburban paradise were, well, *lost*.

On the bus to school, my classmates and I noticed a fleet of fire engines on the east end of the new Riverbend Square shopping centre, attending to something that wasn't supposed to happen in idyllic Riverbend. Someone had driven a car through the window of the restaurant that had opened not long before, starting a fire that eventually burned down the restaurant, reducing it to a concrete pad and traces of black soot on the stucco above the Little Caesar's. How could I ever forget something like that?

When my wife and I paid our visit to Oliveto Trattoria—which has been there for a while now, having survived where several restaurants before it have failed, including the



unfortunate one in my memories—the infamous window (the replacement one, that is) was, sadly, shuttered. In fact, all the blinds on the west side of the restaurant were closed, blocking out the springtime sun on an otherwise sunny evening.

ITALIAN

The interior was tasteful, if a tad on the basic side, and the lack of natural light made it feel a bit gloomy. Thankfully, the people dining in the space helped to liven it up, adding texture to the otherwise straightforward layout and décor.

The menu, however, was incomprehensible. The whole thing was printed on one side of a sheet of thick, glossy cardstock and was put together in a way that made it hard to read/decipher. The menu also

lacked any mention of drinks, though there was a separate wine menu. After asking our server about available beers (there were several, mostly domestic), we each picked a bottle of our standby beer choice, Trad (\$4.95 each, that's Big Rock's Traditional Ale, in case you somehow didn't know).

For starters, my wife picked a small Caesar Salad (\$4.50), while I thought I'd sample a bowl of their Minestrone with Pesto (\$5). For our main dishes, my wife selected the Spaghetti Puttanesca (\$10, spaghetti with anchovies, garlic, capers, white wine, olives and tomato sauce), while I opted for a tasty-sounding Penne Arrabbiata (\$13), a concoction of penne with Italian sausage and a spicy tomato sauce.

AFTER A BIT OF SNACKING on the complimentary bread (and good stuff it was, too), our appetizers made their way out. My wife's Caesar was good, though a bit small for the price, while my minestrone was better than average, but nothing special. Again, I wasn't sure if the price was in line with the quality.

Having quickly made our way through the small appetizers, we waited patiently for the rest of our meal to arrive. When it eventually did show up, the presentation was a bit anticlimactic. The Spaghetti Puttanesca looked pretty basic (though my wife assured me that it tasted very, very good) while my Penne Arrabbiata looked like it had just been plunked down with a scoop on the plain, cafeteria-style plate that it was served on. Thankfully, my initial doubts were misplaced, and it turned out to be delightfully flavourful, with an abundance of garlic and just the right quantity of sausage. Plus, the pasta was absolutely *perfect*. It had just enough bite while still being tender and supple. And who doesn't love the perfect mix of tough and tender? Hey? Am I wrong, ladies?

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As there was no printed dessert menu, our server did her best to remember all the different items on offer (more than a couple), listing off choices and attributes in a way that became confusing after only the first few options. (It wasn't her fault, mind you.) After a few minutes trying to remember everything that our server had mentioned, we gave up, and ordered by theme instead of by name. My wife said chocolate. Our server said chocolate hazelnut gelato (\$5.95), which sounded just about right. Our server also mentioned the chocolate syrup that came with the New York cheesecake (\$5.95), and I said that sounded good enough for me. We ordered a couple of lattes (\$3.40 each), and enjoyed them with our desserts. The wedge of cheesecake was rich and moist, and the chocolate and raspberry sauces drizzled on top made it even better. My wife graciously let me sample a small spoonful of her gelato, which was just as chocolatey as our server had promised.

By the time we left, we could barely move. We were both impressed by the quality of our main courses, even though the presentation could have been a bit more creative. At around \$61 before tax, we'd eaten well at a reasonable price. It's nice to know that you can still find a decent non-fast-food-franchise meal out in the far reaches of suburbia. The houses may be generic, but at least some of the food is unique. v

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Message from the Futurists

Unlike their namesakes, the Russian Futurists actually appreciate applause

By ROSS MOROZ

It's not all that often that your long-forgotten Art History textbook comes in handy when you're writing a profile of an up-and-coming pop act, but before delving into the creative force behind Canadian alt-pop phenomenon the Russian Futurists, I thought it might be useful to see what the 11th edition of *Art Through the Ages* has to say about them.

Apparently, the Russian Futurists were inspired by Italian Filippo Marinetti, whose works included *War, the Only Hygiene of the World* and *The Pleasure of Being Booed*, in which he proclaimed applause to be a sign of mediocrity. Russians David Burlyuk and Victor Khlebnikov built on Marinetti's ideas when they published their manifesto *A Slap in the Face of Public Taste* in 1912, espousing an aesthetic that was largely offensive to prevailing artistic wisdom. The movement spread to influence Russian theatre, film and literature, until it was brought to an end by the Soviet government's endorsement of Socialist Realism after the October Revolution.

Neat, huh? But as fascinating as all of this is, it actually has nothing to do with the Russian Futurists, which is the name Cornwall, Ontario's Matthew Adam Hart adopted when he decided to release the airy pop he was making in his bed-

room on 2001's *The Method of Modern Love*. The album surpassed Hart's wildest dreams when it caught the ear of magazines like *Uncut* and *NME* and was even namechecked by members of REM and Blur. Having just released the Futurists' third album, *Our Thickness*, Hart and his backup band are busy touring the continent, benefiting from his music's still-surging buzzworthiness.

"I think they're really interested in Canadian music down here right now, so it's working out well for us," says Hart, having just finished soundcheck at a club in San Diego. Attributing his appeal in the United States to the popularity of other bands is perfectly in character for Hart: instead of gloating about his implausible rise

PREVIEW
POP

from bedroom songwriter to touring rock star, Hart almost brushes off his recent success, humbly explaining that he believes many of the people in his audience are fans of the groups he gets compared to in the press (the Postal Service comes up in just about every review) and not Futurists fan themselves.

"It's funny, because I don't think that we necessarily sound a lot like those bands, but people seem to need to compare you to something, and it's nice getting compared to something you actually like," Hart explains, noting that he finds comparisons to the Flaming Lips and the Shins especially gratifying. Of course, like the Lips and the Shins, Hart has also had to grapple with the baggage that comes with being labeled a "pop" act. "It's kind of a dirty word," he admits. "When you say that you do 'pop,' people immedi-

ately think of Britney Spears. I actually grew up listening to nothing but hip hop until I was about 18 or 19, so to do pop was a big step in the opposite direction. I just sort of started writing songs and didn't really know what to call it, so when people started to call it pop I kind of said, 'Well, okay then.'"

UNLIKE MOST POP, though, the content of Hart's songs is quite dark, standing in stark contrast to his airy melodies and cheerful, almost child-like demeanour. "I think it's a misconception that I'm kind of a Morrissey character," he laughs. "I always write lyrics around an instrumental, so I'm usually writing around a really poppy, upbeat track, but you don't necessarily always have really good things to say about everything. It's not a conscious thing—this is what I happen to write about, and the music just happens to come out poppy most of the time."

The juxtaposition might seem strange to some, but for a guy who grew up listening to gangsta rap and still makes most of his music in his bedroom on primitive equipment, all of these oddities are merely organic evolutions. Perhaps the oddest coincidence is how Hart started to record his music in the first place rather than stemming from some deep artistic urge, Hart's transformation into the Russian Futurists was mostly sparked by a fortuitous gift. "My parents offered to buy me either a futon or a four-track when I went away for school," he reports. "I decided to take the four-track." ♪

RUSSIAN FUTURISTS

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Portrait of a Lindy

Perfectionist folk-rocker exorcises his *Suspension of Disbelief* on new disc

BY MIKE LAROCQUE

By dropping their last name, Cher and Madonna set out to create an air of iconic mystery for themselves, but Canadian folk-rocker Lindy's decision to do the same was inspired by more pragmatic concerns. "My last name is Vopnyford," he remarks, followed by the infectious laugh that punctuates almost everything he says. "My grandma thought that I should use 'Lindon Ford.' When I asked why, she said that it sounded masculine, but I don't care if people think that I'm a girl. They'll either be pleasantly sur-

prised or horrified!"

Such is the easy going nature of Lindy. A thirtysomething Canadian of Icelandic descent, Lindy spent his early childhood years immersed in music, traveling with his family and performing folk tunes at the age of six. Given his rigorous musical upbringing, it's no wonder that he's

PREVIEW

FOLK

formulated a meticulous theory about songwriting. "I like to eliminate all kinds of extraneous musical moments and just stick to what the point of the song is," he says. "The point of a song is to take you from one place to another as quickly and efficiently as possible so that you have the maximum effect on emotion. Michelangelo said that he was only uncovering what was already in the rocks. I try to uncover and get

rid of that extra rock in my music so that you can see how beautiful something is without it being overly gushy or decadent."

Lindy shows off his well-honed style of songwriting on his latest release, *Suspension of Disbelief*. Along with his bass player and drummer, Lindy sat down and recorded the 12-track album in an intense, close-quarters session during which Lindy attempted to flush out any weakness, excessiveness or just plain unnecessary elements from his material. "The lyrics are not so juvenile anymore, and I think that I'm telling bigger truths in simpler ways," he says. "I think that the music is more concise, too. I'm getting more efficient at writing songs. For this record, we found a bathhouse in Kingston and went up there and just tried to create really good moments. It was great because we all lived there without distraction or commuting and I recorded during that time. I spent another 15 days at a studio in Toronto trying to beat them, but there was just something about what we recorded originally, because the rough vocals were what we ended up using."

"Your first instincts are always right, usually," he laughs. "No—they're always right."

Still, for every good song he writes ("The ones that come out in 10 or 15 minutes are always the best ones," he says), there are many more that he worries he'll never get around to finishing. But records get done, and in the end, Lindy is pleased with the finished product, even if it takes him a while to complete it. "I have about 30 ideas that I've called in to my home answering machine," he says, "but I don't know if I'll ever get around to them. Jerry Garcia once said that he would rather fill in all the O's in the phonebook than write a song. It is such a brilliant quote about not only how much musicians procrastinate, but how hard it can be to write a really good song." ☺

With Alana Levadoski • Starlite Room •
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bpm

BY DAVID STONE

The fabulous clipjoint

If you've spent any time watching MuchMusic, you'll be forgiven for thinking that every video is focussed on a rotating rump, gold-plated diapers or angst-ridden designer rock. Dance music clips, if they ever see airtime, usually reek of cheese, consisting of either: (a) people running around like they're being chased; (b) people romping on a beach; (c) people engulfed in smoke with tons of lasers going off; or (d) all the above.

But every now and then, a few videos turn up and transcend the stereotype, like "Windowlicker" by Aphex Twin, or "Da Funk" by Daft Punk. However, there's been a few others that make you long for those laser-powered, scantily-clad beach chase vids.

First up comes Cabin Crew's "Star to Fall," a tune not dissimilar to the music found in your garden-variety rent-to-own computer commercial. If it weren't for the video, this tune would be as generic as the desktop machine it should be pimping—drop a white background behind some saucy stewardess dancers, have them cavort in sync and intersperse some x-ray effects, and you've got solid-gold eye candy. Well, solid-gold for about 30 seconds before you're switching the channel.

Next up is Mylo's "In My Arms," one of the highlights of his stunning debut record, *Destroy Rock 'n' Roll*. Last year, everyone was freaking out over his cussing-clever electro-killer, "Drop the Pressure," and it's likely that this Kim Carnes-sampling hand-waver is going to fill dance floors this summer. Unfortunately, it won't be thanks

to this cliché-ridden clip. Check this out: two lovers hit the road (cliché #1) in an old convertible (#2) to go neck under the stars (#3) with interspersed time-lapse shots of highways and skies (#4). I could go on, but I've only got 200 words left in the column.

If you're going to use a cliché, then tackle it like Four Tet's "Smile Around the Face." Shot with a single camera fixed on the face of the clip's protagonist, we follow a man through his day, his life of drudgery and anxiety offset by a simple glowing moment he's been looking forward to all day, and which is taken away from him by the end. It's a bittersweet clip that uses a common video device to great effect.

But right now, nothing beats the new Chemical Brothers' video for "Believe." The song itself is classic Chemical, with tweaked-out stabs atop a crashing bed of percussion and the vocals of Bloc Party's Kele Okereke. In the past, the Chems have

If you're going to use a cliché, then tackle it like Four Tet's "Smile Around the Face."

collaborated with some of the best directors out there, including Michel Gondry and Spike Jonze—here, they've reunited with Dom and Nic, the talents behind their mind-blowing clip for "The Test."

This time, a factory worker with a broken arm is haunted by visions of the robot arms that fill the factory he works at. As time passes, they hunt him down on the streets, hopping in pursuit, terrifying him to the point of madness. We don't know if he's broken his arm as a result of an accident in the factory and these visions are connected to that trauma, but it makes the clip more than just a good dance music video. It's a great piece of filmmaking, period. ☺

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SWEATSHOP UNION

WITH POCKET DWELLERS

■ JUNE 23

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS

WITH S.I.N.

■ JULY 6

BO DIDDLEY

75th BIRTHDAY TOUR

WITH GUESTS:

■ JULY 8

STARSHIP

FEATURING "ANICET THOMAS"

■ JULY 9

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no minors

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music notes

BY PHIL DUPERRON
AND ROSS MOROZ

Quit & Run

Hit & Run • **With the Intensive, London Disturbance Force, the Morellos** • **Orange Hall • Sat, May 28** "Punk" is used to describe an increasingly disparate assortment of popular music these days. The effect of this phenomenon has been somewhat mundane (putting the Dead Kennedys, Jimmy Eat World and Avril on the same rack at HMV doesn't really cause outrage, I suppose, unless you're the Dead Kennedys), but any band that has resisted this tide of mass-consumable "pop punk" or "emo" or what have you ought to be commended, even if they happen to be calling it quits.

"Some things just come to an end, so we're moving on," says Sean Hartford, guitarist for Edmonton punk stalwarts Hit & Run, who are playing their final engagement this weekend. For local fans of a purer style of punk, Hit & Run's demise is disheartening news: this is a band that openly preaches their affinity for the un-hyphenated form of punk rock. "We don't play emo, or post-punk, or neo-hardcore, or pop punk, or any

other namby-pamby bullshit you hear on the radio these days," they proclaim on their website, and they prove it by releasing songs with names like "Break the Law" and "Drunk & Retarded" on their album *Don't Fuck With Us*. While critics may call Hit & Run's subgenre-rejecting sound as a genre in itself, for Hartford, this adherence to original punk principles was less a conscious decision than an artistic inevitability.

"[Popular] music sucks," Hartford says. "It's just not what we're into—we all like punk rock. Shitty music has always been popular. As far as I'm concerned, all the good bands have never been all that popular. It's always the outside or the underground that worthwhile things have come from."

Even without hearing their music, one look at the group's studded jackets and skinny jeans is all you need to realize Hit & Run is no emo or hardcore outfit, although Hartford insists that the band's undeniably picture-perfect old-school punk aesthetic is nothing if not authentic. "We certainly don't worry about our image," he says. "We're just five assholes playing music. Any sort of image that comes across is basically accidental." (RM)

The shock of the Noot

Noot • **With Polmo Polpo** • **Victory Lounge • Sun, May 29** Edmonton-born Daniel Baudin has been creating quirky electronic music under the name Noot for several years now. He moved to Montreal about a year ago to pursue his dreams in that city's fertile arts and music scene, and although he's released a few EPs over

the last couple years, this homecoming show will mark his live debut.

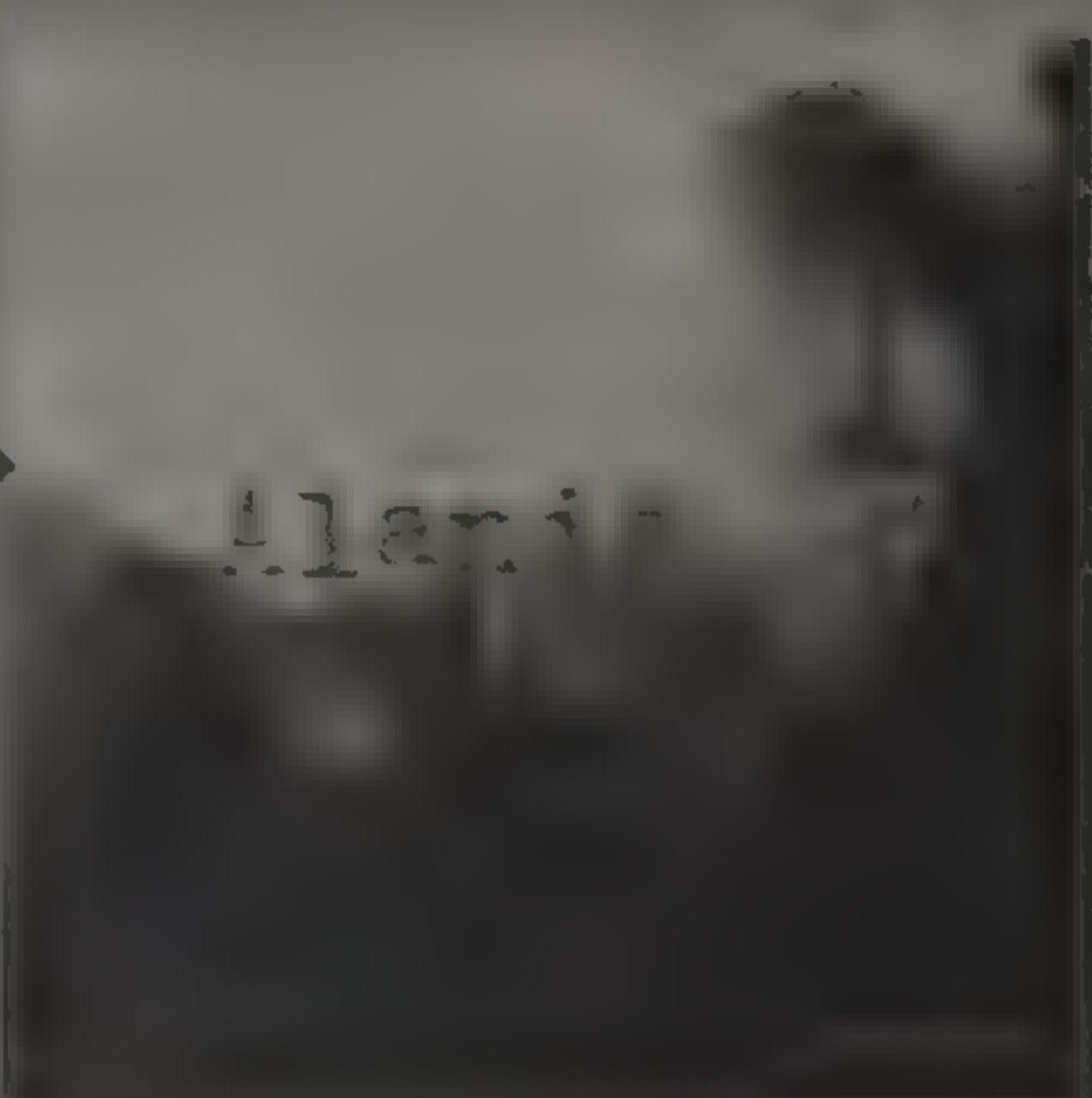
As Baudin explains, until he moved to Montreal and started seeing other like-minded artists taking their music out of the computer room and onto the stage, he considered himself strictly a studio musician. "I'm ready now to go try it," he says, "but before it didn't really interest me. I don't necessarily agree that all musicians should have to be able to play live in order to be a legitimate artist. I think there is ground for people who just put out records and the people who listen to them."

And after witnessing a few too many dull gigs with nothing but a couple music geeks behind their computers pressing play and boring their audience, Baudin thinks Noot will make the leap more successfully. "I've created a good foundation on which to work with live," he explains. "I had to compromise a bit on my sound, but it's something that I'm still learning. It's a laptop show, but at the same time I'm going to make it a bit more interesting because I've been to laptop shows and I've just wanted to shoot myself."

Like many other electronic and underground musicians, Noot has harnessed the power of the internet to help promote his music. "You have all these bedroom artists—which is basically what I am—working on a laptop or a four-track and they're just putting out music in album form or tape form or MP3s and I think it's a really exciting era right now for music," he says. "Everybody's up in arms about what to do about the internet and its effects, but I think we're finally coming to terms with it." (PD)

Know" became a smash worldwide hit, but the album also proved to have a steady stream of top-10 tracks to back it up, including "Ironic," "Hand in My Pocket" and "Perfect."

Sandulak says the record showed that Morissette was savvy enough to totally reinvent herself. "That was the first album that showed me that the music industry was a real thing, and it was not another world," says Sandulak, who sings with Edmonton's all-female retro-crooning revue the Kit Kat Club. "It was the first album that



distant replay

BY STEVEN SANDOR

THIS WEEK: Kyla Sandulak discusses Alanis Morissette's *Jagged Little Pill*

What happens when a small-town Saskatchewan girl weaned on country music hears Alanis Morissette for the first time? For Lashburn, Saskatchewan native and Edmonton transplant Kyla Sandulak, Morissette's breakthrough 1995 album *Jagged Little Pill* changed the way she looked at how albums were made.

Before "You Oughta Know," the steamy lead single featuring Jane's Addiction's Dave Navarro on guitar, Morissette was known in the music world simply as Alanis, the teen singer from Ottawa who so badly wanted to be the next Top-40 pop star. But that song, and the album it came on, showed the world Morissette had left that life behind; she became a compelling rock songwriter, unafraid of emotional conflict and dark, sexual overtones. Not only did "You Oughta

come out that I was really captivated by. It is not one of my favourite albums, and Alanis Morissette is not my favourite artist, but I was absolutely captivated by what she did with her style, and the theme of the whole record. She had the whole album planned out and she worked hard to see it through."

For Sandulak, *Jagged Little Pill* is a

lesson not only in music, but also in playing the music industry game and surviving. "I think almost every song from that album became a single," recalls Sandulak. "And it was managed so that there was one single every month or so. It kept the album on the charts for over a year."

There is, however, no comparison to be made between the songs that appear on Sandulak's independently released *Would You Know* and *Jagged Little Pill*; Sandulak's work mixes pop with jazz, a form she showed great passion for when she sang with the University of Alberta/Grant MacEwan College Big Band. Many of the songs on Sandulak's album were written when she was still in her teens, so people who have followed her career locally (and those who cheered her on when she competed in the finals of *Canadian Idol*) are likely looking forward to hearing some new songs. Luckily, Sandulak recently completed a recording session in Vancouver and has posted three new tracks on her website www.kylasandulak.com.

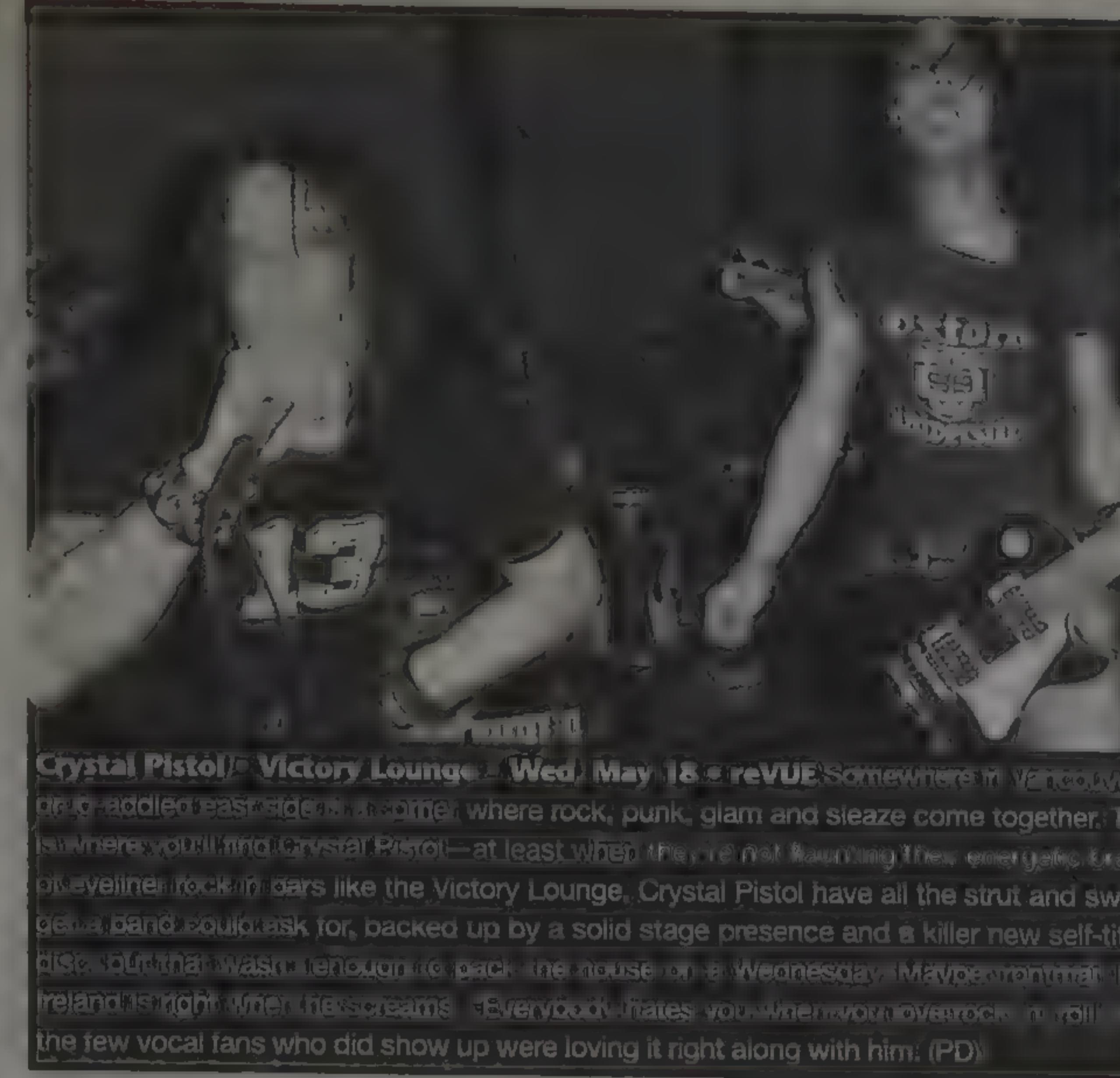
Although now a full-time Edmontonian, Sandulak still hasn't totally left her small-town roots behind: when she made it to the *Canadian Idol* finals, the people of Lashburn held a parade in her honour. Morissette may be one of the biggest Canadian pop stars of all time, but can she boast that she's been the grand marshal of a parade?

That's one for Sandulak, isn't it? ☺

Voodoo gurus

Brother Voodoo • With Anoetic Undaunted • Queen Alexandra Hall • Sat, May 28 (all ages) I have to admit that personally, I've never found all-ages punk shows in Edmonton to be negative or cynical. The organized and largely underground scene, but that's another column. Admittedly, I might not have the most current perspective on this city's punk show environment, having largely avoided these types of gatherings since I realized I had more to talk about with the moms waiting outside the hall than the children dancing up a storm inside, when Brother Voodoo frontman Mattie Cuvilier told me about his band's mission to return positivity to E-town's all-ages scene, it seemed to me that he might be onto something. "If nothing else," he says, "we are a positive band, and we try to put out a positive message of sobriety, individuality, equality, that kind of thing. A lot of kids go to shows as an escape, so if they're getting a positive message it's probably a better experience. If you have lots of negativity it just leads to unkind fights and stuff, and we don't want that at our shows because everyone's having a good time."

In Cuvilier's mind, the spirit of community and positivity is among Edmonton punks isn't necessarily dead, but it has somewhat diminished because of changes in the makeup of Edmonton's scene. "I think that bands like the Wednesday Night Heroes and Dance Floor Disasters were really cool bands," enthuses, "but DFD isn't around anymore and the Heroes are always touring, and there seems like there's a lot more just punk and hardcore bands now that don't really capture the same feeling." Let them be accused of not practicing what they preach, Brother Voodoo see themselves as contributing positively to the community through their eagerness to play charity shows, like this weekend's fundraiser for the Millwoods Council, a group that purchases musical instruments for underprivileged youth. "We're really happy to be involved with



Crystal Pistol • Victory Lounge • Wed, May 18 • revue Somewhere in between a rockabilly East Side bar and a place where rock, punk, glam and sleaze come together, this is where you'll find Crystal Pistol—at least when they're not haunting their energetic brand of eyeliner-rock-in bars like the Victory Lounge. Crystal Pistol have all the strut and swagger a band could ask for, backed up by a solid stage presence and a killer new self-titled disc. You know it's enough to pack the house on a Wednesday. Movie director Mikael Ireland is right when he screams: "Everybody hates you when you overdo it, in rock." Join the few vocal fans who did show up were loving it right along with him. (PD)

this," Cuvilier says, adding that he hopes his band's contribution to this kind of charity will inspire other aspiring young punks to follow in their footsteps. "I guess we're helping the next generation of punk rockers get started." (RM)

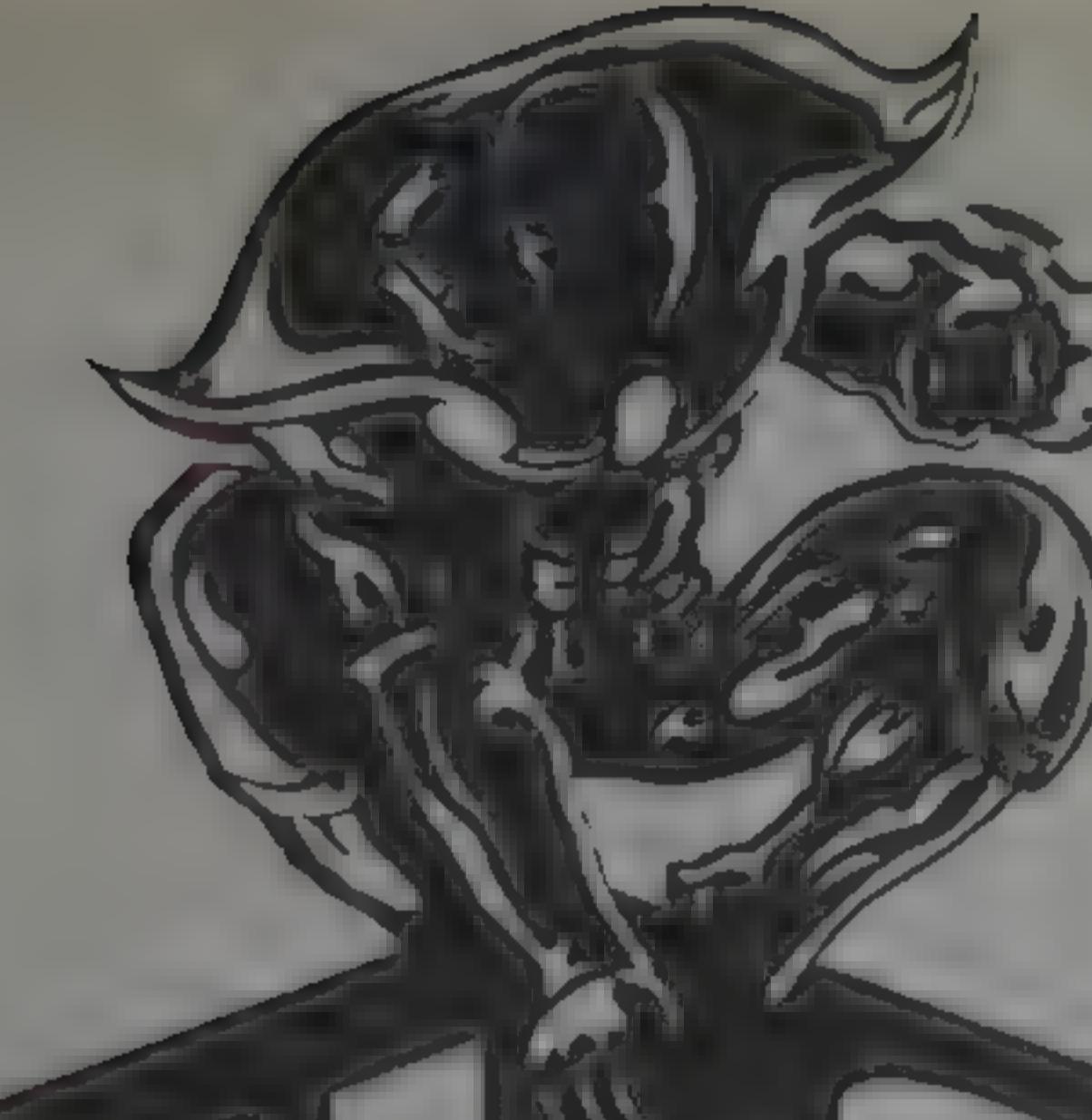
Knee, myself and I

The Knee Jerks • With the Observers, Clorox Girls, the Gumbunnies, the Richardsons and Panik Attak • Shark Tank • Sun, May 29 (6pm, all ages) With musical projects the Chewkas and the Kusals having called it quits due to members being busy with other projects, guitarist Jay Walker is getting ready to give it another go with the Knee Jerks. Although the trio—which also features Brian Lambert on bass and Silas Grenis on drums—has been in the planning stages for months now, Walker has been sidelined since December while he recovered from tendonitis. With his playing arm on the mend and a whack of new (and some old)

pop/punk songs in his head, Walker decided it was time for the Knee Jerks to hit the stage when he saw a wicked gig coming up. "I'm really excited," says Walker of Sunday's show at the Shark Tank. "The Observers and Clorox Girls are two really cool bands. There's great stuff coming out of Portland."

Even though the band has only been able to practice as a unit a few times, Walker figures a trial by fire is the best way for them to gel. "It's sort of like a sneak preview of the new band," he says. "It's sort of just to put the pressure on, throw everybody in and just go hard to see what we come up with. I really wanted to do something simple and trashy. I find that with everything being so easy to record with ProTools and stuff today, it's easy to make your band sound huge and perfect and tight as a drum."

"I really wanted to move in the opposite direction and play something kind of raw and loud and loose," he continues. "I don't know if it'll blow up in my face, but I guess we'll find out." (PD) □



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SATURDAY MAY 28



Thurs. June 2
Domino Records Artist
Caribou
(Formerly Dan Snaith's Manitoba Junior Boys & Russian Futurists)

Sat June 4

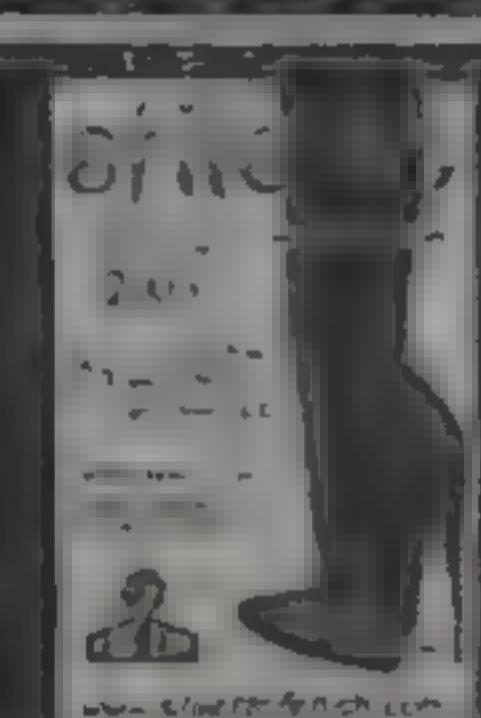
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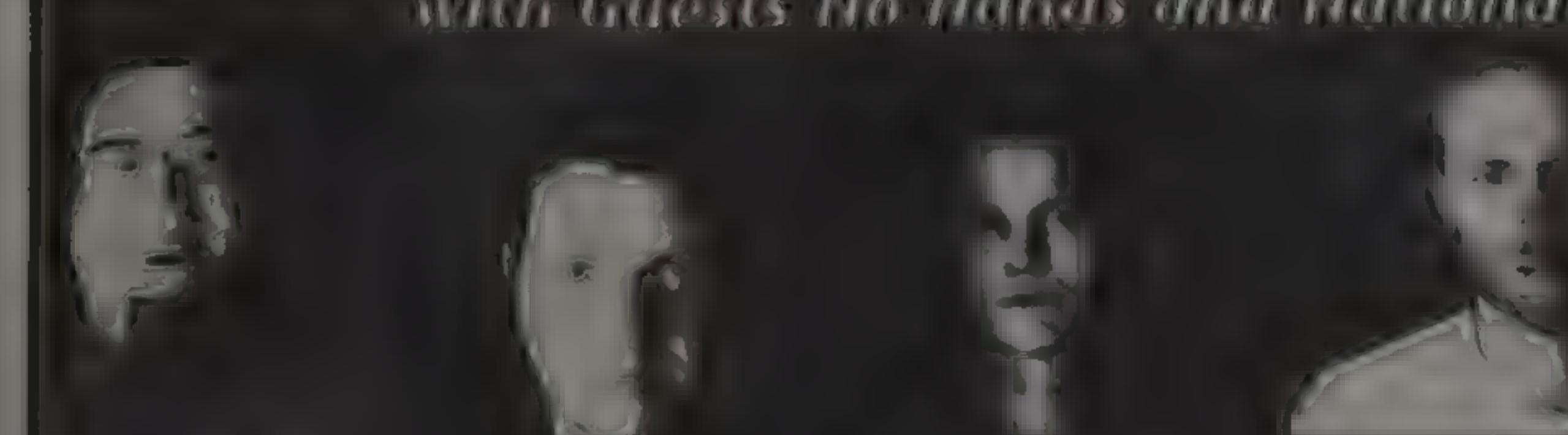
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THU
LIVE MUSIC

ATLANTIC TAP AND GILL
Jimmy Whitten
BACKDRAUGHT PUB Open stage
CASINO YELLOWHEAD Kelly and Thomas Alexander (tribute show)
CEILI'S Screech; 9pm
CITY HALL FOYER Open stage hosted by Alberta Crude; 6-10pm
DUSTER'S PUB Jam hosted by Brian Petch

GRINDER Open stage hosted by Audrey Lister; 9-12pm
J AND R BAR AND GRILL Open stage with The Poster Boys (pop/rock/blues); 8-30pm 12-30am
J.J.'S PUB Food Drive Metal Fest with Pipe, Dead End Drive, Lpht

JEFFREYS CAFE AND WINE BAR Pinot Envy; \$20; 7pm
JEKYLL AND HYDE SWAK Singers ('40s music); 8pm; \$12.50 (adv)/\$15 (door)

NEW CITY LIKwid LOUNGE The Fabulous Beefeeders, Souljah Fyah; 8pm (door); tickets available at door

STARLITE ROOM ALIVE Levandoski, Lindy, guests

CLASSICAL

CITY HALL FOYER Vocal Arts Festival: Lyrical Lunches; 1pm; **FRI**

ARMOURY Vintage Thursdays: retro rock, dance and old school hip hop

BACKDRAUGHT PUB Animation Station: trip hop, drum 'n' bass with MC Deadly, Gundam, Dale Force

BILLY BOB'S LOUNGE Escapade Entertainment

BLIND PIG The Great Escape Thump: intronica with the DDK Soundsystem

BOOGIE WOOGIE BISTRO DJ Squiggle

ESCAPE ULTRA LOUNGE Thursday Ladies Night: Top 40, R&B, retro with Urban Metropolis

FILTHY MARTINI'S Rock Bingo with DJ S.W.A.G.

GAS PUMP Ladies Nite: Top 40/dance with DJ Christian

GUILTY MARTINI Substance Thursdays: Urban with Urban Substance Sound Cre, Invincible, Spincycle, J-Money, Shortround, Echo; 9pm (door); no minors

KAS BAR Urban House with DJ Mark Stevens; 9pm

NEW CITY LIKwid LOUNGE

STARLITE ROOM VNV Nation, Imperative Reaction, Soman; 8pm; tickets available at TicketMaster, Listen, Megatunes, Victory Lounge

THE ROOST Upstairs: Euro Blitz: best new European music with DJ OuttaWak

Downstairs: DJ Jazzy; \$4 (member)/\$6 (non-member)

RUM JUNGLE Peoples DJ Spinning

SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE Deep House with Friday resident DJ Luke

STARLITE ROOM Jean Zepola and the Uptown Quartet; 8pm; **SAT**

THE ROOST Upstairs: Mary Thomas Blues Band,

Rub A Dub Thursdays: Reggae, ska, dub with Jebus and His Apostles

NEW CITY SUBURBS

Progress: electro/new wave with DJ Miss Mannered and guests; no minors

OVERTIME BOILER AND TAPROOM SOUTH

New: Classic rock, R&B, urban and dance with DJ Mikee; 9pm-2am; no cover

RED STAR Underground Hip Hop Night: with DJ Mumps, DJ Dusty Crates

RENDEZVOUS Metal Night with Dj McNasty

THE ROOST Rotating shows: Sticky's open stage and the Weakest Link game with Dj Jazzy second and last Thursday; \$1 (member)/\$4 (non-member)

SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT AND LOUNGE Funkdahed Thursday: funk with DJ Leanne Fong

SAVOY Funk and downtempo with Ben Jamin

STOLLI'S ON WHYTE Top 40 dance, R&B

VICTORY LOUNGE NRMLS

WLCM Thursdays: Electro, disco-punk, hip hop with Dj Nik7 and guests

STARLITE ROOM

BRAUHAUS DJs Wunderbar Hofbrauhaus: Punk with Robin Schröffel

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STARLITE ROOM</

THURS. MAY. 26
THE FABULOUS
BEEFEEDEERS
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SUNDAY JUNE 12

A black and white promotional photograph for the 'Pink Razors Tour 2005'. The image features the band members in a dark, moody setting. The lead singer, wearing a dark jacket and a hat, is positioned in the center, holding a microphone. To his left, another member is partially visible, and to his right, a third member is seen. The background is dark with some stage equipment and lighting visible. The overall aesthetic is gritty and rock-oriented.



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SOULSTONES



A black and white promotional image for the movie 'Blonde Redhead' from June 16, 2011. The image features a woman with long, dark, curly hair looking over her shoulder. In the background, a man with a mustache and a woman with short hair are visible. The word 'BLONDE' is written vertically on the left side of the woman's hair, and 'REDHEAD' is written vertically on the right side. The date 'JUNE 16' is at the bottom left. The word 'GENUICULI' is written in a stylized font at the bottom center.

THE GOURMET WITH COLUMBUS AND THE MARK BIRTLES PROJECT

THURS JUNE 30

Tracking the wild caribou

Dan Snaith survives nuisance lawsuit with name changed, but spirits and fanbase intact

By PAUL MATWYCHUK

"The last thing a creative person wants is litigation, which is anti-creative." — DIRECTOR DAVID CRONENBERG, EXPLAINING WHY HE CHOSE NOT TO LAUNCH A LAWSUIT AGAINST THE PRODUCERS OF THE CURRENT FILM *CRASH*, EVEN THOUGH HE MADE A FILM WITH THE EXACT SAME TITLE BACK IN 1996

Dan Snaith is a creative person. He started playing piano at the age of five, lost interest for a spell and then found it again in a big way five or six years later, sitting at the keyboard for hours at a stretch, noodling around with the pedals, exploring the sounds he could make, gradually improving his playing and soon, inevitably, composing his own songs.

"And then, at around 13," he says, "I got this shitty little sampler that I stole from my high school and got some software and a keyboard and started using my dad's computer to start putting music together. This would be about '92. I guess I'd heard some electronic music around that time—some early U.K. techno, early Warp stuff, bands like the Orb, that kind of stuff—and kind of realized, 'This music sounds exciting. I want to make music that sounds this exciting!'"

Adopting the alias Manitoba, he released his first full-length album in 2001—the sparse, intimate *Start Breaking My Heart*—to encouraging reviews. He made a quantum leap forward with his 2003 sophomore effort *Up in Flames*, whose lush melodies and gorgeous, densely layered sound was at once adventurous and yet accessible—this was electronic music with a beating, human heart, and Snaith seemed poised on

the verge of a commercial and creative breakthrough. That is, until late 2004, when he crossed paths with an anti-creative person: a veteran rock star with an unfortunate last name and a taste for litigation.

The man was Handsome Dick Manitoba. As the equipment-destroying lead singer for the '70s surf/punk/metal band the Dictators, he gained a reputation as one of the New York music scene's rowdiest denizens, and was probably more famous for the time he got clunked over the head with a mic stand by transvestite rocker Jayne Wayne County than for his songs. (His hits include "I Live for Cars and Girls" and "Sleeping With the TV On." Actually, they're not bad.) These days, Manitoba makes his living as a radio DJ and running his own bar in New York's East Village, not as a musician, but that didn't stop him from contacting Snaith through his website and warning him to stop calling himself Manitoba—or face the consequences.

"It may be the most surreal experience I've ever had," says Snaith. "We just didn't take it very seriously at first. And then the next I heard from him was when I was served with a subpoena at our show in L.A.—he'd hired a private investigator to track me down and serve me. And then we had to run onstage and play."

Handsome Dick's claims seem dubious at best—were people *really* buying *Up in Flames* and going to Snaith's concerts under the mistaken belief that they were going to hear the Dictators, a band that disbanded in 1981?—but an astonished Snaith quickly learned that if he took the case to court, he would be taking an enormous, potentially devastating financial risk. "I consulted several U.S. trademark lawyers," he says, "and they said, 'You just never know. If you get a wingding judge who doesn't know anything about music and sees this word 'Manitoba' that they've never seen before, even though it's obviously a province in

Canada.... This isn't a 100 per cent winnable case.' It would have cost me half a million dollars in legal fees just to fight it, and I'd be gambling that on a really unpredictable outcome."

AND SO SNAITH let Handsome Dick have his way, but he's chosen to be philosophical about the incident rather than bitter. "Once I realized that I was just going to have to accept it and move on," he says, "all that headache disappeared and I was able to get back to making music again. It was actually quite liberating."

You can pick up on that sense of freedom as you listen to Snaith's new disc, *The Milk of Human Kindness*.

PREVIEW

ELECTRONIC

Snaith is calling himself Caribou these days (and let's hope there aren't any disgruntled death metal singers named Comely James Caribou out there looking for trouble), but the music on it has the same unmistakable spirit of discovery as any of his Manitoba material. The album opener, "Yeti," and the closer, "Barnowl," both hark back to the starry-eyed sound of *Up in Flames*, but the disc as a whole is a little more introspective and a little more unpredictable in its musical impulses, especially for an artist who usually gets filed in the electronic section of the record store. "Hello Hammerheads," for instance, owes more to Nick Drake than to Aphex Twin. And while rock-snob critics have detected a strong Krautrock influence on tracks like "Bees," the laid-back guitar groove that propels it forward suggests the California highway as much as it does the Autobahn.

"It's not about genre for me," Snaith says. "It's not about making music that fits into the electronica scene or the rock scene or whatever. Actually, I think of myself mostly as a producer than as a songwriter; what interests me is controlling things and arranging things and

orchestrating things, not so much dragging people out to practice every week and playing the same songs over and over, which is very much what being in a band is all about. I could make a new song every single day—or 10 songs every single day!—and control every single instrument that goes in there. And with sampling from old records, there's just no limit to the number of different sounds and arrangements I can do, and I can do it differently every day."

Which, of course, begs the question: how does he know when to stop? What kept him from spending month after month second-guessing and tinkering around with dozens of alternate versions of "Pelican Narrows" before he finally settled on the one that appears on the album? "Well, it's just using your ears," he shrugs. "The thing is, I like to work by trial and error and I don't like to plan things out in advance. I'm not always totally happy with the results—that's why I'll make 1,000 tracks and put only 10 on the album. But there's an actual buzz to making music that's working really well. I'll have my headphones on, I'll be recording late at night in my room, and if something is really coming together, there's a palpable, physical excitement that I feel."

"And I think that if all you do is just execute a piece of music exactly the way you planned, it loses that element of excitement," Snaith continues. "That's often one of my complaints when people give me demos or when people just ask me what I think could be improved in electronic music in general: it's a very controlled atmosphere that people make electronic music in, and they often make everything just too perfect and too clean and they lose the unexpectedness or the uniqueness of something sounding a little bit off or a little bit out of time."

SNAITH IS A mathematician as well as a musician—he's a Ph.D. student at the University of Toronto and he

spent much of the downtime during his world tour for *Up in Flames* working on his thesis. He's reluctant to draw simplistic parallels between music and math, but he does say there's something about being challenged to think his way creatively through an idea that makes him feel like the two pursuits are using the same parts of his brain. Just don't fall for the cliché of the egghead musician who's drawn to synthesizer because the sounds they make are as cold and emotionally remote as he is.

"I feel a very personal and emotional connection to the music I make," Snaith says. "Maybe not lyrically, but these are melodies that came out of me; it's not just a technical exercise. People always think of emotional music as being narrative, and that's not the case for me. For me, the most emotionally charged music has always been, like, spiritual free jazz—John Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders and stuff like that which just *exudes* emotion but has no lyrics. I've always listened to a lot of instrumental music alongside vocal music and so I've always focused more on the emotions of the actual melodies and the actual sounds than the words."

Luckily, music matters more to Snaith's fans than words do: even under a different name, they're still buying his album, and his classily grin-and-bear-it response to his legal ordeal has inspired the critics to rally behind him more than ever. "Releasing records is sometimes a pretty remote process," he says. "You don't see the people buying the CDs and you don't see them going home and listening to it. But this whole experience has really drilled it home to me that people are behind me and behind the music. It's made me realize just how lucky I am that people are even interested in my music at all. It's been very affirming."

CARIBOU

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top 10 cds

- 1) **SYSTEM OF A DOWN**
MEZMERIZE
- 2) **VAN MORRISON**
MAGIC TIME
- 3) **DEF LEPPARD**
ROCK OF AGES:
DEFINITIVE COLLECTION
- 4) **WEEZER**
MAKE BELIEVE
- 5) **DAVE MATTHEWS**
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- 5) **LIFE AQUATIC**
- 6) **WHITE NOISE**
- 7) **THE BAND: LAST WALTZ (SPECIAL EDITION)**
- 8) **SIMPSONS: BART WARS**
- 9) **NATIONAL TREASURE**
- 10) **SCRUBS: SEASON 1**

NEW SOUNDS

SYSTEM OF A DOWN

MEZMERIZE
(AMERICAN)

When System of a Down released *Toxicity* in 2001, their pull-no-punches takes on life in America, from fear of terrorism to poverty on the streets of Los Angeles, stunned the music world. Add in their punishing mix of speed metal and the folk music of their Armenian heritage, and the result was arguably the most critically-acclaimed metal album of all time, and it lifted the band out from the underground and into arenas.

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But it's not just Bush who gets the rough ride. *Mezmerize* is indeed an apt title, as all of the songs deal with issues of control and the subversion of beliefs; "Old School Hollywood" and "Lost in Hollywood" poke fun at the entertainment industry's prevalence in our lives, while "Cigar" mocks the moral majority with the aid of some good old-fashioned phallic humour.

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THE FLOOR

PERSONNEL
(NRMLS WLCM)

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june 3

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travesty
black water transit

doors 8pm \$4 / no minors

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june 10

calling pennie
burned
resonate

doors 8pm / \$4 / no minors

saturday
june 11

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lithium / face first
son of man / prevail

doors 8pm \$4 / no minors

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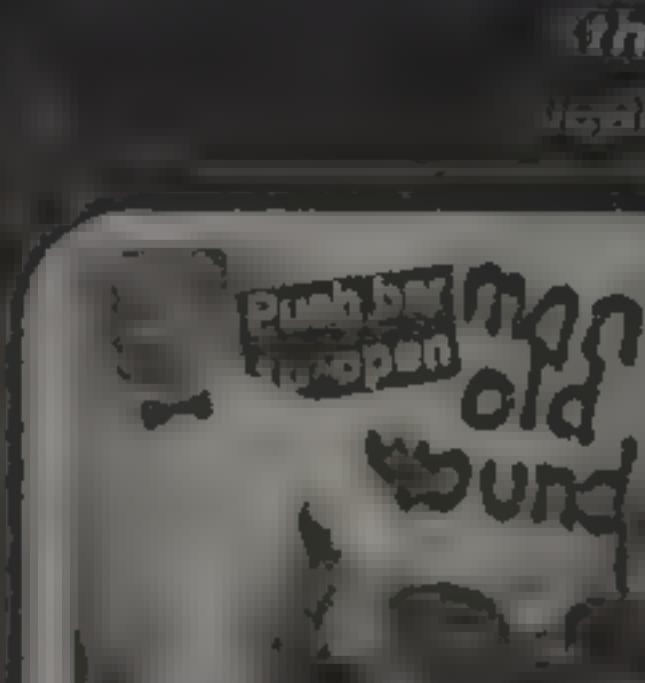
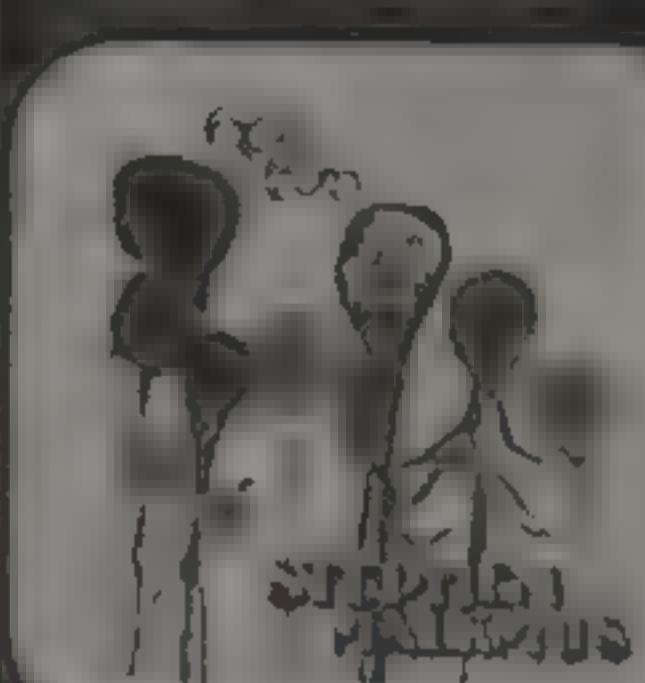
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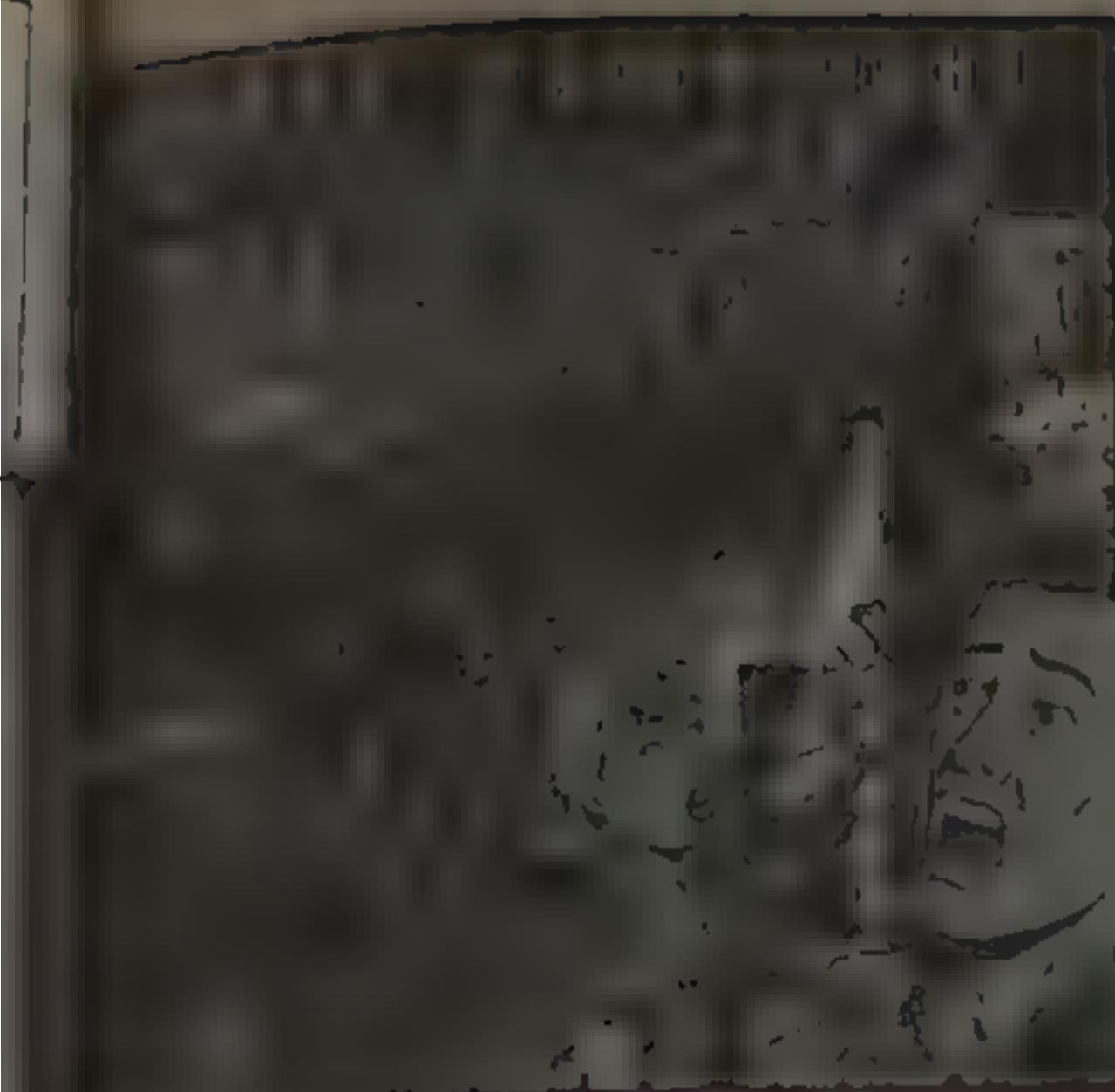
the woods



push bar man to open
old wounds

top 10 sellers

1. *gimme fiction spoon*
2. *further adventures of... quasimoto*
3. *milk of human kindness caribou*
4. *the wedding oneida*
5. *s/t 13 & god*
6. *face the truth* stephen malkmus
7. *horses in the sky* silver mt. zion
8. *sunlandic twins of montreal*
9. *multipes* keith fullerton whitman
10. *selections by john fahey & blind joe death*



LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III
HERE COME THE CHOPPERS!
(10 FOREIGN ARTISTS)

ardonic singer/songwriter Loudon Wainwright III does an interesting thing on his new disc, *Here Come the Choppers!* On the title track, he paints an epic, apocalyptic vision of a fleet of helicopters invading Los Angeles and turning all its most famous, cheesiest landmarks to rubble. ("Most will be maimed, some will be killed/One smart bomb takes out the whole Writers Guild.") But this song is balanced out by "No Sure Way," a sombre, surprisingly effective ballad in which Wainwright describes taking a bawdy trip underneath the now-destroyed World Trade Center. ("They say heaven's high above us/Hell's not far down/in that subway tunnel/There was no sure way to know.")

Wainwright has always had a gift for making death and disaster seem either horribly, horribly tragic or horribly, horribly funny, and on *Choppers'* best tracks, he makes them seem both at once—take "Hank and Fred," where he mourns Mr. Rogers's death by travelling to Montgomery, Alabama and visiting Hank Williams's grave; or "Things," a song dedicated to his daughter Lucy, on which he confesses that he's lied a lot in the past when he told people he loved them, but that we can believe him when he's saying it to her now, because he's doing it in a song. ("I cannot sing a lie," he says—and he almost sounds convincing.)

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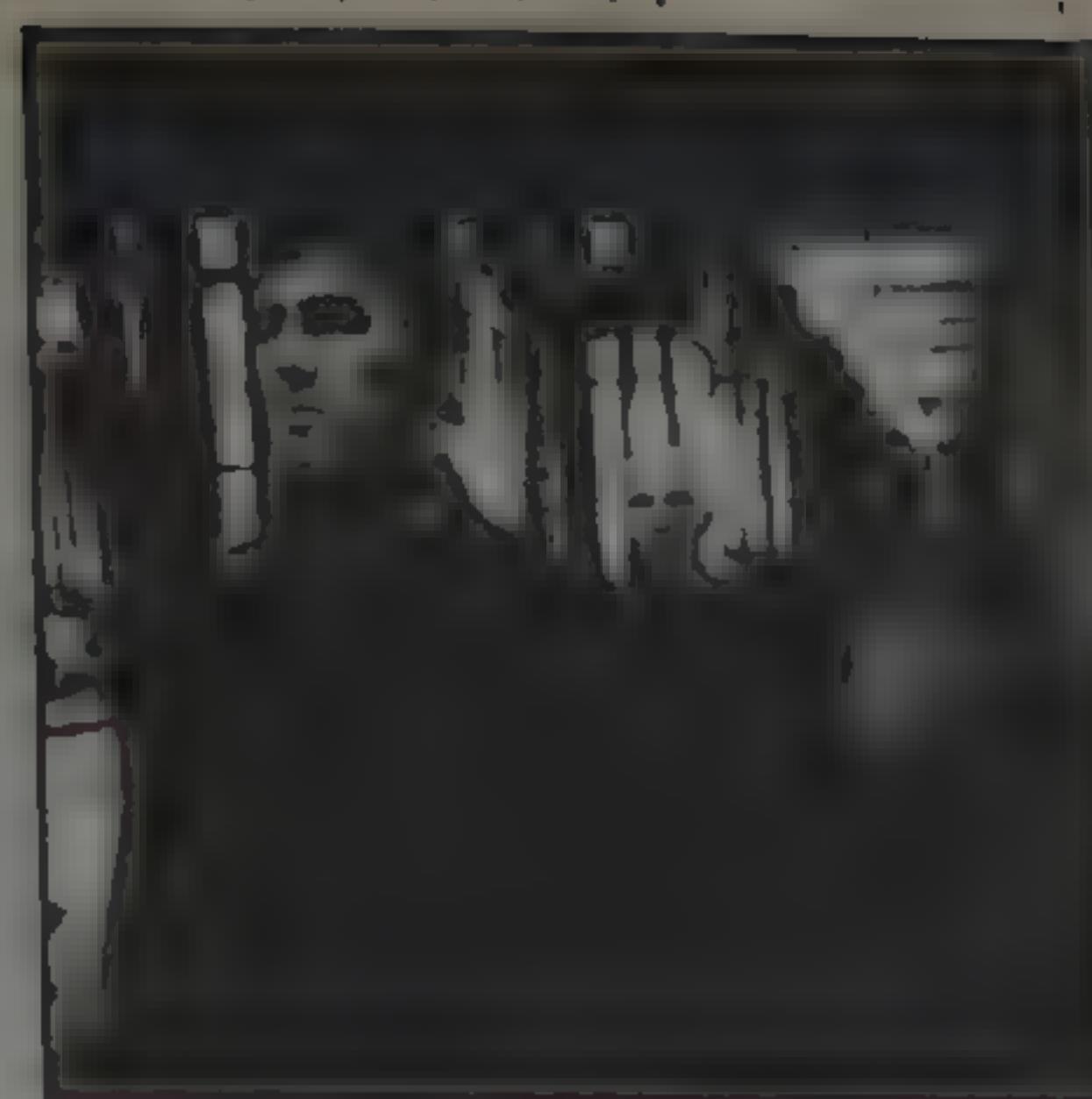
ROBERT PLANT
MIGHTY REARRANGER
(SANCTUARY)

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**ROBERT PLANT
AND THE STRANGE SENSATION**
MIGHTY REARRANGER
(SANCTUARY)

I'm not even close to being the biggest Robert Plant fan around. In fact, during his time as the frontman for Led Zeppelin, Plant was responsible for some of my least favourite songs of all time. (I pray daily that I will never again be subjected to "Dazed and Confused.") Still, he was also involved in a few of my most favourite songs, so I've never been able to dismiss him out of hand.

At their best, Zeppelin was definitely an inspired group, but Plant's work as a solo artist has been ultimately disposable, forgotten before the last note has even rung out. So I can honestly say that no one is more surprised than I am at how good *Mighty Rearranger* is. Maybe it's because, in the Strange Sensation, Plant has finally put together a group of musicians who are able to avoid the considerable shadow cast by his former band. These new guys, some of them former members of Portishead and Massive Attack, spin the songs in unexpected directions while still making the whole thing sound as though it's one seamless construction rather than just a bunch of ill-fitting pieces jammed together and passed off as an album. Sure, Plant still turns out some



mighty dumb lyrics ("Now the dogs in the manger are loose and it's so hard to find"), but they're not all bad, and the Strange Sensation elevate the lesser moments with trancelike rhythms that ebb and flow rather than simply crash ahead like some cheap classic-rock knockoff. ★★★★—EDEN MUNRO

THE GO-BETWEENS
OCEANS APART
(YEP ROC)

The songwriting team of Grant McLennan and Robert Forster has been cited as a major influence on a number of dreamy guitar bands from Belle and Sebastian to Travis and even Radiohead. But the only thing the average non-music geek would likely remember from the Go-Betweens is the classic '80s track "Streets of Your Town." But unbeknownst to many, the band continues on, putting out record after record that the critics have loved and very few people have listened to.

But after 20 years of this, the duo looks to be slowing down. Maybe it's just that the dreamy guitar music they make, which sounded so fresh and vital when I was in my teens, now only serves to make me feel old. Save for the leadoff track ("Here Comes a City"), which sounds uncomfortably similar to the Talking Heads standard "Life During Wartime," the album never rises above being something you'd listen to as background music at a wine-tasting party. It's simple guitar pop, with no standout tracks. But keep your eyes peeled at your local record store; word is that early pressings will come with a bonus live CD that includes "Streets of Your Town." ★★★—STEVEN SANDOR

BY WHITEY
AND T.B. PLAYER

Haiku QUICK SPINS

Stephen Malkmus
Face the Truth (Matador)
Don't shit on Stephen
Pavement is long gone, okay?
Relax and enjoy

Clem Snide
End of Love (SpinArt)
Country!
It's as catchy as hell...
It's like turpene

Jeff Rosen
Swing Targets (Popsequal)
Vintage rock outfit
You can't swing a white belt
Without hitting one

Friends and Lovers
Days of Dread (Badman)
I got a saying here:
You can't polish a turd.
I like that

Peter Moller
The Shrine of Impossible Love (Concrete)
Self-indulgent folk
Starts fine, but leaves bad taste of
Crazy in the mouth

Dwight Yoakam
Blame the Vain (New West)
A damn fine actor,
And undisputed champion
Of new honky-tonk

The Bees
Free the Bees (Virgin)
Reverb overload!
Are they stuck in the '60s
Or stuck in a well?

Hall
Hall (Rough Trade)
The Bee Gees and Queen
Make desperate bedfellows!
Yet it works so well

91. THE BOUNCE

BOUNCE TOP 30

- 1 - **Gwen Stefani** - *Hollaback Girl*
- 2 - **Game f. 50 Cent** - *Hate or Love It*
- 3 - **Black Eyed Peas** - *Don't Phunk With My Heart*
- 4 - **Divine Brown** - *Old Skool Love*
- 5 - **Amélie** - *One Thing*
- 6 - **Alicia Keys** - *Karma*
- 7 - **K-OS** - *Crucial*
- 8 - **Mariah Carey** - *We Belong Together*
- 9 - **Trick Daddy f. Ludacris** - *Sugar*
- 10 - **The Pussycat Dolls** - *Don't Cha*
- 11 - **Baby Bash** - *Baby I'm Back*
- 12 - **2Pac f. Elton John** - *Ghetto Gospel*
- 13 - **Ciara** - *OH*
- 14 - **Natasha Bedingfield** - *These Words*
- 15 - **Max Graham vs. Yes** - *Owner of a Lonely Heart*
- 16 - **Akon** - *Lonely*
- 17 - **Mario** - *How Could You*
- 18 - **Shawn Desman** - *Let's Go*
- 19 - **Will Smith** - *Switch*
- 20 - **Sweatshop Union** - *Broken Records*
- 21 - **50 Cent** - *Just a Lil' Bit*
- 22 - **Bobby Valentino** - *Slow Down*
- 23 - **Fatty Coo** - *Bounce*
- 24 - **Drop 4** - *Better Days*
- 25 - **Massari** - *Be Easy*
- 26 - **Dion Todd** - *Never Surrender*
- 27 - **Trillville** - *Some Out*
- 28 - **50 Cent** - *Candyshop*
- 29 - **Mood Ruff** - *Rocketship*
- 30 - **Frankie J.** - *Obsession*

a&b
sound

top 10 cds

- 1) SYSTEM OF A DOWN
MEZMERIZE
- 2) VAN MORRISON
MAGIC TIME
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ROCK OF AGES:
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LAST WALTZ
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SEASON 1

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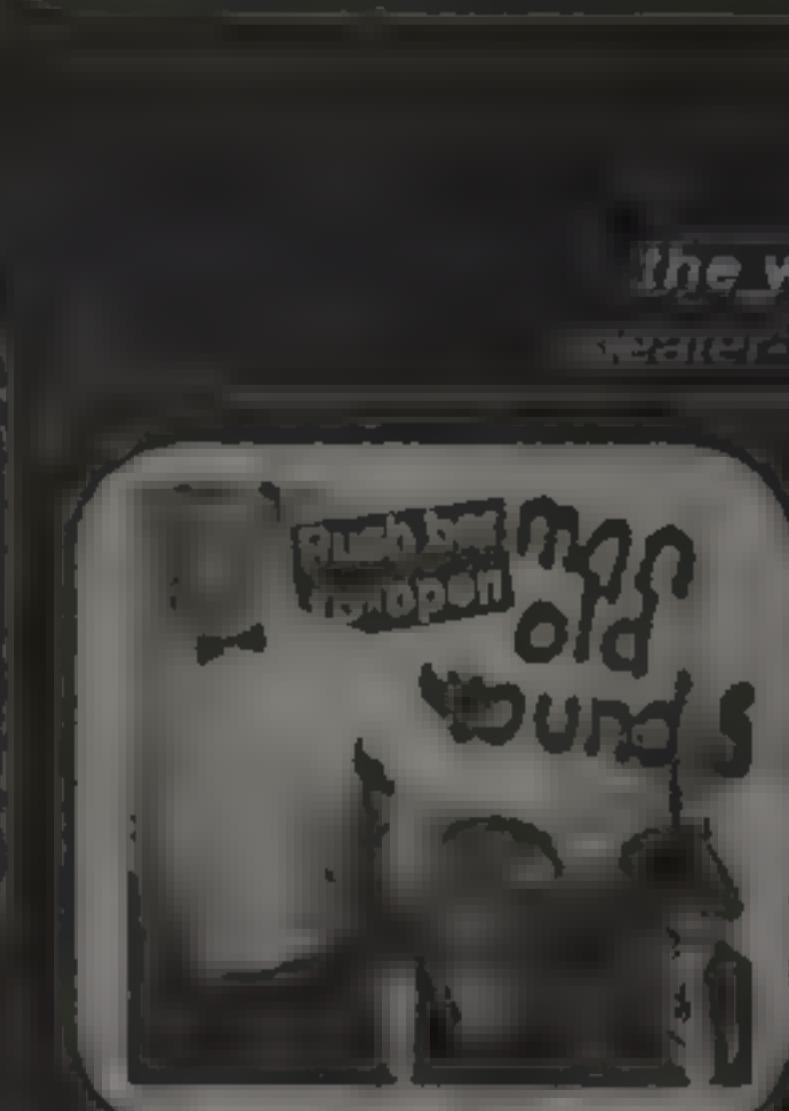
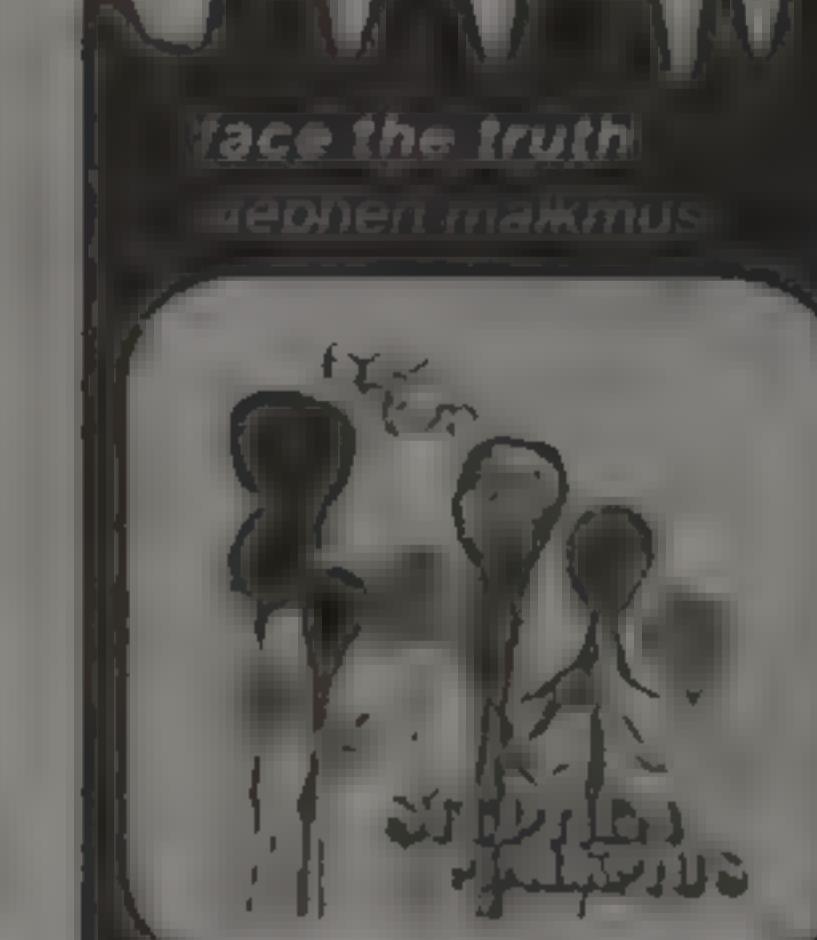
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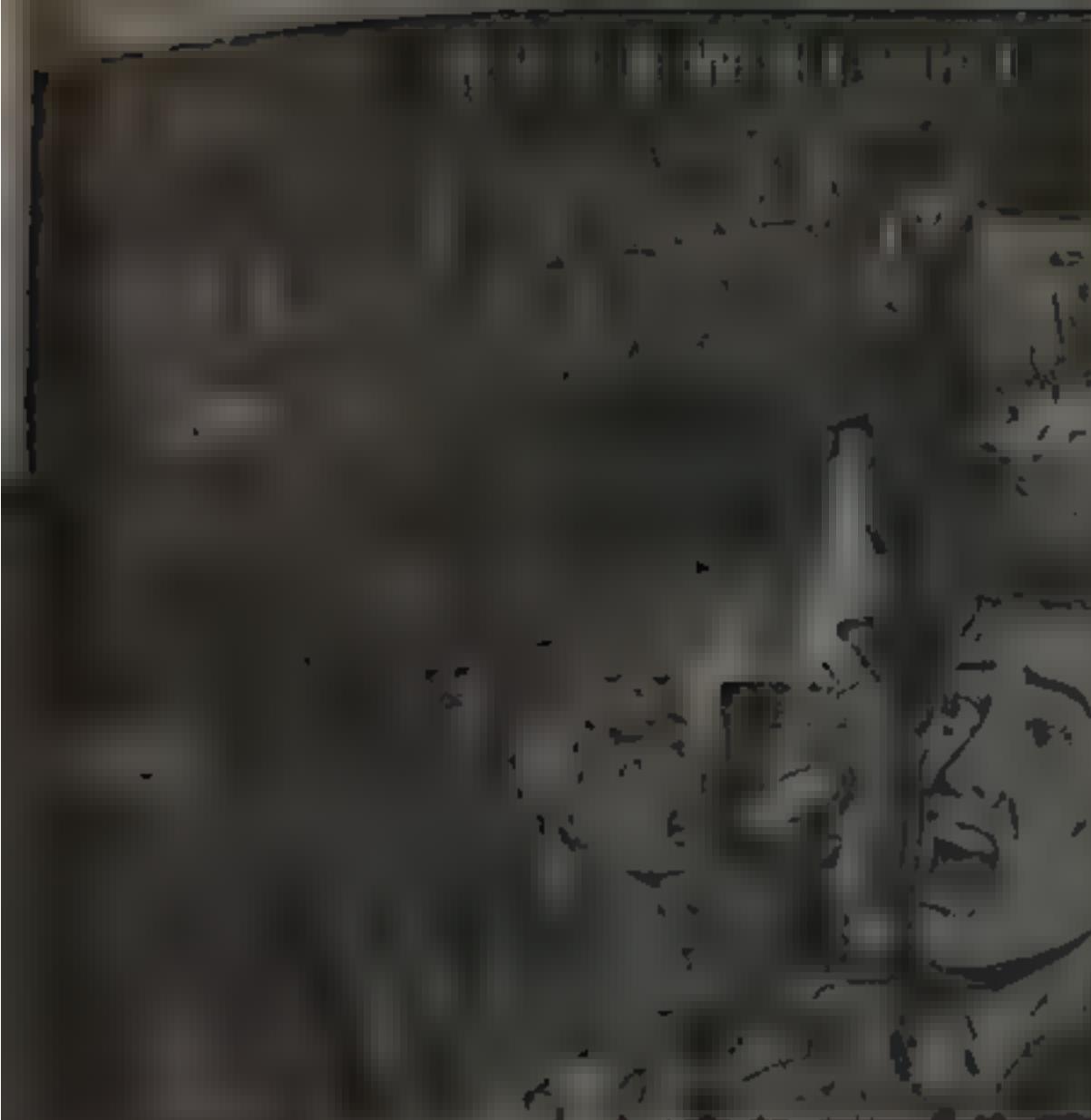
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ROBERT PLANT AND THE STRANGE SENSATION MIGHTY REARRANGER (SANCTUARY)

I'm not even close to being the biggest Robert Plant fan around. In fact, during his time as the frontman for Led Zeppelin, Plant was responsible for some of my least favourite songs of all time. (I pray daily that I will never again be subjected to "Dazed and Confused.") Still, he was also involved in a few of my most favourite songs, so I've never been able to dismiss him out of hand.

At their best, Zeppelin was definitely an inspired group, but Plant's work as a solo artist has been ultimately disposable, forgotten before the last note has even rung out. So I can honestly say that no one is more surprised than I am at how good *Mighty Rearranger* is. Maybe it's because, in the Strange Sensation, Plant has finally put together a group of musicians who are able to avoid the considerable shadow cast by his former band. These new guys, some of them former members of Portishead and Massive Attack, spin the songs in unexpected directions while still making the whole thing sound as though it's one seamless construction rather than just a bunch of ill-fitting pieces jammed together and passed off as an album. Sure, Plant still turns out some

mighty dumb lyrics ("Now the dogs in the manger are loose and it's so hard to find"), but they're not all bad, and the Strange Sensation elevate the lesser moments with trancelike rhythms that ebb and flow rather than simply crash ahead like some cheap classic-rock knockoff. ★★★ —EDEN MUNRO

THE GO-BETWEENS OCEANS APART (YEP ROC)

The songwriting team of Grant McLennan and Robert Forster has been cited as a major influence on a number of dreamy guitar bands from Belle and Sebastian to Travis and even Radiohead. But the only thing the average non-music geek would likely remember from the Go-Betweens is the classic '80s track "Streets of Your Town." But unbeknownst to many, the band continues on, putting out record after record that the critics have loved and very few people have listened to.

But after 20 years of this, the duo looks to be slowing down. Maybe it's just that the dreamy guitar music they make, which sounded so fresh and vital when I was in my teens, now only serves to make me feel old. Save for the leadoff track ("Here Comes a City"), which sounds uncomfortably similar to the Talking Heads standard "Life During Wartime," the album never rises above being something you'd listen to as background music at a wine-tasting party. It's simple guitar pop, with no standout tracks. But keep your eyes peeled at your local record store; word is that early pressings will come with a bonus live CD that includes "Streets of Your Town." ★★★ —STEVEN SANDOR

BY WHITEY
AND T.B. PLAYER

haiku QUICK SPINS

Stephen Malkmus
Face the Truth (Matador)
Don't shit on Stephen
Pavement is long gone, okay?
Relax and enjoy

Clem Snide
End of Love (SpinArt)
Perfect alt-country!
...catchy as hell...
herpes

Eric Clapton
Playing Targets (Popsequal)
Two-piece rock outfit
Seems you can't swing a white belt
Without hitting one

Marky Ramone and Lovers
Get of Bread (Badman)
...a saying here:
You can't polish a turd.
...advice, that

Peter Moller
The Shrine of Impossible Love (Concrete)
Self-indulgent folk
Starts fine, but leaves bad taste of
Crazy in the mouth

Dwight Yoakam
Blame the Vain (New West)
A damn fine actor,
And undisputed champion
Of new honky-tonk

The Bees
Free the Bees (Virgin)
Reverb overload!
Are they stuck in the '60s
Or stuck in a well?

Hal
Hal (Rough Trade)
The Bee Gees and Queen
Make desperate bedfellows!
Yet it works so well

91. THE BOUNCE

BOUNCE TOP 30

- 1 - GWEN STEFANI - HOLLABACK GIRL
- 2 - GAME f. 50 CENT - HATE OR LOVE IT
- 3 - BLACK EYED PEAS - DON'T PHUNK WITH MY HEART
- 4 - DIVINE BROWN - OLD SKOOL LOVE
- 5 - AMERIE - ONE THING
- 6 - ALICIA KEYS - KARMA
- 7 - K-OS - CRUCIAL
- 8 - MARIAH CAREY - WE BELONG TOGETHER
- 9 - TRICK DADDY f. LUDACRIS - SUGAR
- 10 - THE PUSSYCAT DOLLS - DON'T CHA
- 11 - BABY BASH - BABY I'M BACK
- 12 - 2PAC f. ELTON JOHN - GHETTO GOSPEL
- 13 - CIARA - OH
- 14 - NATASHA BEDINGFIELD - THESE WORDS
- 15 - MAX GRAHAM VS. YES - OWNER OF A LONELY HEART
- 16 - AKON - LONELY
- 17 - MARIO - HOW COULD YOU
- 18 - SHAWN DESMAN - LET'S GO
- 19 - WILL SMITH - SWITCH
- 20 - SWEATSHOP UNION - BROKEN RECORDS
- 21 - 50 CENT - JUST A LIL' BIT
- 22 - BOBBY VALENTINO - SLOW DOWN
- 23 - FAZZY COO - BOUNCE
- 24 - DROP 4 - BETTER DAYS
- 25 - MASSARI - BE EASY
- 26 - DION TODD - NEVER SURRENDER
- 27 - TRILLVILLE - SOME CUT
- 28 - 50 CENT - CANDYSHOP
- 29 - MOOD RUFF - ROCKETSHIP
- 30 - FRANKIE J. - OBSESSION

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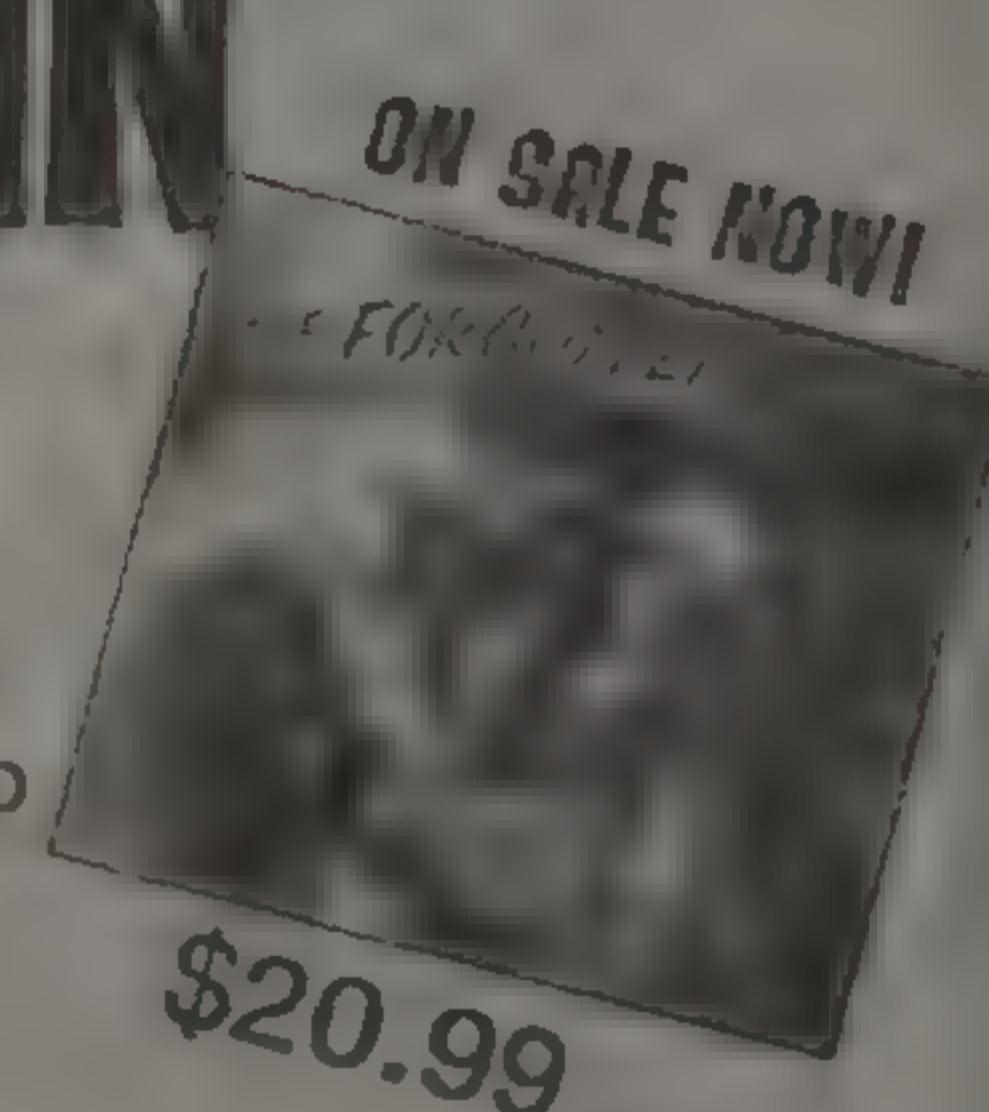
1. System Of A Down – Mezmerize (American)
2. John Prine – Fair & Square (oh boy)
3. Joni Mitchell – Songs Of A Prairie Girl (nonesuch)
4. Martha Wainwright – Martha Wainwright (maple)
5. Mary Gauthier – Mercy Now (lost highway)
6. Lucinda Williams – Live @ The Filmore (lost highway)
7. Jack Johnson – In Between Dreams (brushfire)
8. Nine Inch Nails – With Teeth (interscope)
9. Beck – Guero (interscope)
10. Sharon Jones & The Dap Kings – Naturally (daptone)
11. VNV Nation – Matter + Form (metropolis)
12. Death Cab For Cutie – The John Byrd E.P. (barsuk)
13. Spoon – Gimmie Fiction (merge)
14. Bloc Party – Silent Alarm (vice)
15. Old Reliable – The Burning Truth (saved by radio)
16. Ryan Adams – Cold Roses (lost highway)
17. Van Morrison – Magic Time (exile)
18. Oneida – The Wedding (three gut)
19. Quasimoto – The Further Adventures Of Lord Quas (stones throw)
20. Kathleen Edwards – Back To Me (maple)
21. Arcade Fire – Funeral (merge)
22. Bane – The Note (equal vision)
23. Napalm Death – The Code Is Red... Long Live The Code (century media)
24. Mars Volta – Frances The Mute (universal)
25. Ian Tyson – Songs From The Gravel Road (stony plain)
26. Bruce Springsteen – Devils & Dust (columbia)
27. One Be Lo – s.o.n.o.g.r.a.m. (fat beats)
28. Choke – Slow Fade or: How I Learned To Question Infinity (smallman)
29. Magnolia Electric Co – What Comes After The Blues (secretly canadian)
30. Bright Eyes – I'm Wide Awake It's Morning (saddle creek)

VnV Nation
autograph signing
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London calming

The London Apartments' Justin Langlois is careful not to bug his neighbours with his loud music

BY DAVID BERRY

On a picturesque, tree-lined road in Windsor, Ontario, the London Apartments complex sits nondescriptly amongst the many other mostly student-filled walkup apartments that populate the area. However, this unremarkable little apartment building has not only given Justin

Langlois the name of his one-man pseudo-electropop act, but it's given him his quiet laid-back style as well.

"Well, part of it was that I played in heavier bands and stuff like that in high school," says Langlois as he strolls around Montréal, enjoying the first break on his first Canadian tour. "And I kind of had enough of that,

but also, moving into that apartment, the walls were, like, paper-thin—like,

I could hear my neighbours on the phone kind of thing. So [being quiet] was almost sort of a necessity. From that, I got into a lot of new music, and I kind of latched onto the quiet stuff, I guess. I don't know what it

is—I think that the quieter something is, the more you have to really look into it. Maybe that sounds corny, or whatever, but if it's loud and abrasive and everything is right there, that's what it is, whereas the quieter stuff, yeah, you have to look into it. I guess that's why I latch onto it."

Whatever its origins, Langlois' attachment to quiet music is beginning to pay dividends. His strictly online EP *Dialogue of One* made a splash on indie music websites and hipster blogs, and now Langlois has released the London Apartments' first full-length (and first real, physical CD), *Romanticism Aside*, which is already garnering attention from college radio stations down east, and the online music zine *Delusions of Adequacy*'s pick of the week for May 22.

For Langlois, the experience of transforming from a quiet guy in a noisy apartment to a respected touring musician is more than he ever expected. "The response has been, 'Oh wow, you know what I mean?'" he says. "This is kind of like the first time I'm releasing this stuff to the world, so I speak, and I didn't really know what the reception would be, but it's been good, like everywhere—so, 'Wow.' There were actually people who were up against the stage [at a recent show in Ottawa], so it was like a real rock show—or as rock-show as it will get with music like this, I guess."

HOWEVER, the busier schedule of the band isn't without its drawbacks. The biggest was the departure of Langlois's partner, Erin Fortier, who left the band in order to attend grad school. Though Langlois will miss his counterpart and her support—"She's always teasing me about playing the guitar, saying, 'You always say you suck, but you really don't.' That's sort of arguable, I think, but whatever"—he's also looking forward to getting back to solo work.

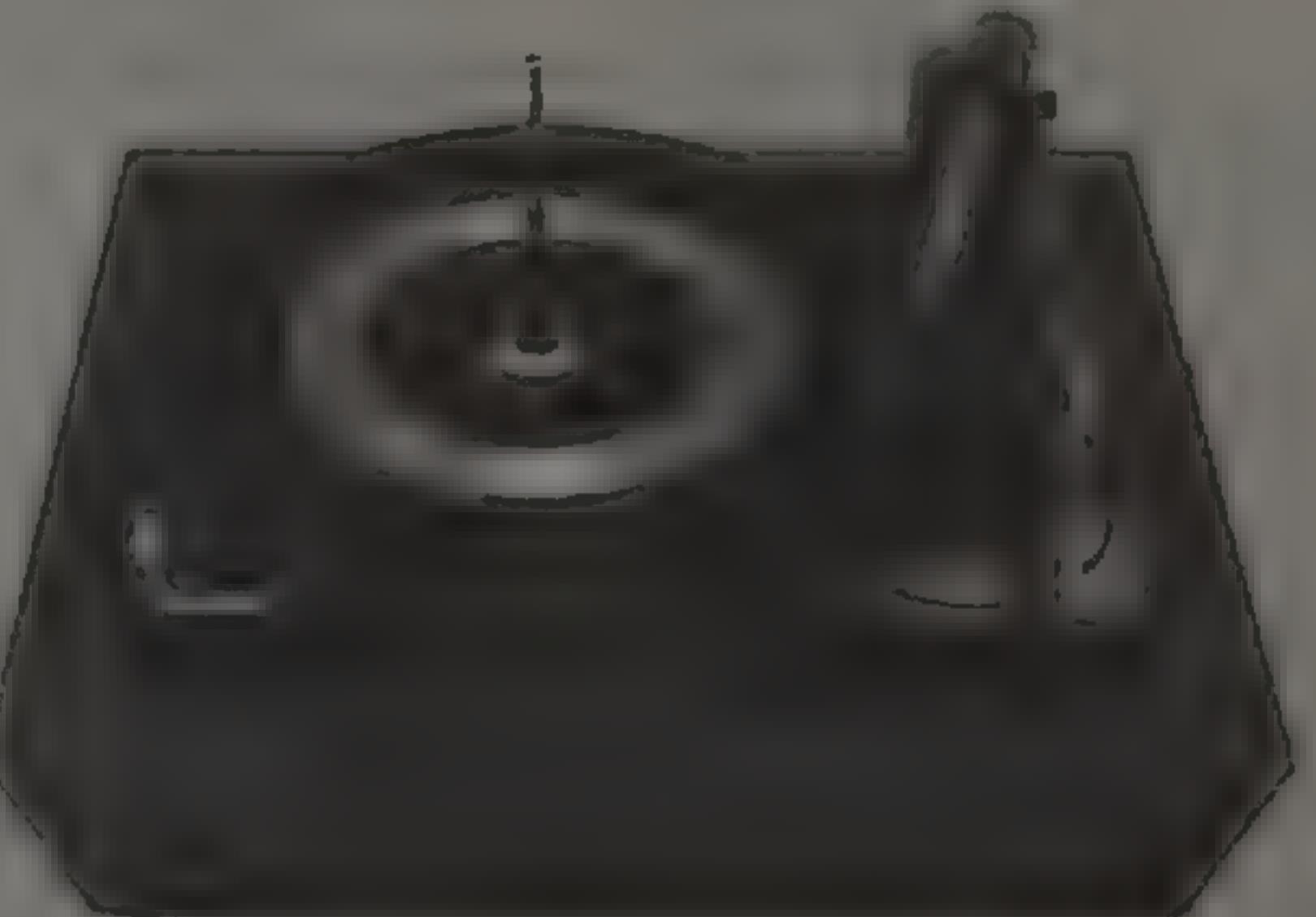
"There's definitely a comfort level of having a second person onstage," he says, "but at the same time there's a comfort level to doing it on your own, and hopefully I'll be able to get that back. I mean, I think that I'm ready to re-approach these songs, and figure out just how I'm going to do them on my own again." As he goes on to explain, there's something he finds especially satisfying about doing things on your own in an empty, thin-walled apartment.

"Well, part of the reason for doing the solo thing in the first place was that the bands I had worked with in high school kind of led me in the direction of not wanting to be in a full band again—at least not at that point in time," he says. "But I think it kind of came from this, almost like, well, I don't want to say it was a journal, but it was something I needed to get out. Actually, it was never meant to be more than a few songs I kept on my computer. But the response was good, so I just sort of ended up doing it a little bit longer, and a little bit longer, and that's kind of how it kept happening."

Guess we all have to get out of the apartment sometime. ☺

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They shoot horse operas, don't they?

Classic Western Weekend features are screenings of our oddball oaters

COLLEEN ADDISON

h. Westerns. Where the men are men and the horses are ticked. Really, you have to feel sorry for se animals. Not only do they e to do those weird "ah, I'm it, I'm shot" flippy moves, but the in tall hats are such terrible rid- that almost every horse in a stern spends his 15 minutes of e with its ears flattened back. at's horsey for "No lousy little ole is worth this crap."

But, anyway, there are many es of ye ol' home on the range, from the left-wing westerns of the '60s and early '70s to the "you tell I'm bad, 'cause I'm wearin' black hat" films of Hollywood's Eden Age. Metro Cinema, in its **Classic Western Weekend**, has hard to aim towards the odder sters and away from the clichés. lineup includes four films from actors Sergio "I am from the entry of Leone. It's in Italy, pre- ding to be Montana" Leone, Sam and Budd Boetticher.

Boetticher is best known for his *Good, Bad, Ugly*, *Seven Men Now* and *Comanche Station* (his *Tall T* is also showing this week). He paints *Paradise-Lost*-type es where you end up liking the

villain better. Or, at least you know him better, since Boetticher's heroes are so tough they hardly ever talk. Yes, these are Philip Marlowes on horses, shooting lots and hardly ever asking questions, and *Ride Lonesome*'s Ben Brigade (Marlboro Man lookalike Randolph Scott) is no exception. (Sample dialogue: "Yeah.")

Ben has revenge on the brain,

REVUE SAGEBRUSH

even if he doesn't talk about it much. Years ago, Frank John (Lee Van Cleef), a gunslinger and the brother of a man Ben has recently captured, Billy (James Best), caught and hanged Ben's young wife. So Ben plots. Telling his men, former gangsters Sam Boone (Pernell Roberts) and Whit No-Last-Name (James Coburn) that "I set out to take him to Santa Cruz. I full intend to do it," Ben ponders ways to trap Frank.

What's nice here is that a lot of the bad guys seem to have repented. Sam and Whit dream of a wondrous thing called amnesty; if they take in Billy John, they will be free men. Ironically, they are prepared to kill Ben to get away from their murderous past. Frank, too, is angry about having to pay for something he did so long ago, groaning when he sees Ben standing under the hanging tree, the site of the long-ago murder. But at the end, it's Ben who is the real good guy, almost Christ-like, with his face illuminated by the burning branches of the hanging tree.

THE MANY-TITLED *Duck, You Sucker!* (also known by the ripoff names *A Fistful of Dynamite* and *Once Upon a Time... the Revolution*) is a later Western from the questionably talented Leone. Is it good? Well, I don't know about that, but it sure is long. (What is it with long movies, anyway? Our attention spans are getting shorter; we're all going to hell in a TV-tainted handbasket, and yet the people paid to entertain us make us sit in theatres for three hours.)

The film begins with a quote from everyone's favourite chairman about revolution: "Revolution is... an act of violence." But Leone cuts out the last half of the quote: "...by which one class overthrows another." Good choice, because that's not exactly what happens in a revolution (not that I've participated in one, being a happy, gun-forsaking Canadian). No, as far as I can tell, revolutions are general messes in which so many people die that there has to be a new order, which is then made up of everyone not dumb or unlucky enough to lose vital body parts. And *Duck, You Sucker!* (apparently, Leone firmly believed that the phrase was typical American slang) didn't do a great deal to change my impression. While not a bloodbath (surprisingly there's little visible blood here), a large number of extras earned their salaries trying to hold their breath and not blink.

The film's opening is promising, with a peasant, Juan (Rod Steiger), urinating on an anthill. The ants scatter like, it is suggested, the Mexican peasants. Juan begs a ride from a passing stagecoach, only to be rudely insulted by the passengers, who are rich and firmly believe themselves superior. Then, the tables turn; the coach stops near a group of peasants, who attack on, it becomes clear, Juan's orders.

SO FAR, SO GOOD. But then the film switches to a more confusing stance on the good fight. Juan meets dynamite fanatic Sean (James Coburn again, here overly cool), an IRA terrorist turned disillusioned fugitive, and the pair join the real Mexican revolution, led by the middle class of Mesa Verde, a nearby town. Juan has a great line about this kind of situation: "You know who starts a revolution? The people with land. Then they tell the poor and who dies? The poor."

The poor do die, in the form of Juan's family, but it's sort of hard to tell what else is going on. Bullets whizz through the air and there are enough explosions to ruin entire continents, but still... what are they trying to do? It doesn't help that the film starts out with history and sinks into allegory; when you're still trying to associate the film with the real Mexican revolution, the screen is crawling with Nazi-like federales and Italian-looking revolution ringleaders.

But *Duck, You Sucker!*, like *Ride Lonesome*, is interesting especially as a symbol of its genre. Westerns have been around ever since there was a West (Wyatt Earp served as consultant on some films) and it's nice to watch and find out why. Plus it's entertaining to see cowboys riding so terribly. ☐

CLASSIC WESTERN WEEKEND
Zeidler Hall, The Citadel • Fri-Mon, May 27-30 • Metro Cinema • 425-9212

Eyes wide Schultze

A polka-playing German discovers zydeco in poetic road movie *Schultze Gets the Blues*

BY EDEN MUNRO

Michael Schorr's *Schultze Gets the Blues* is a difficult film to discuss without giving away the ending. It's not that there's a convoluted plot full of twists and turns; on the contrary, the film has an almost poetic simplicity about it.

Like the best poetry, though, there is a lot to discover beneath the surface. Let me just say that the film is hypnotic, drawing us into the story of a man who discovers a new life just as he is slowly suffocating under the pressures of the old one. It also takes an effort on the part of the viewer to really see this film, since Schorr leaves many of the scenes open for us to interpret for ourselves.

Schultze Gets the Blues opens on the landscape of the river Saale in Saxon-Anhalt, barren save for a windmill and some power lines in the far distance. For a long moment nothing happens, and then we see a large man riding an old bicycle across the screen. This is Schultze (Horst Krause). From there we cut to Schultze and his friends Manfred (Karl-Fred Müller) and Jürgen (Harald Warmbrunn), also on bicycles, waiting for the controller to raise the gate at the train tracks. The man hesitates long enough to frustrate Manfred and Jürgen before finally allowing the trio to pass. Throughout the sequence, Schultze looks back and forth from his friends to the man in the control room above, unfazed by the commotion. Schultze is a patient man, unselfish in his ways. He will get where he is going when he gets there and he's fine with that.

These opening sequences, however, let us in on something that Schultze does not realize: we see that his life is much like the barren landscape, empty and devoid of true companionship. He's a salt miner whose simple existence consisting mainly of working, fishing and drinking with his friends. When he is not engaging in those things, Schultze tries to do right by the memory of his accordion-playing father, performing polkas at his traditional music club. The routine that has become Schultze's life starts unraveling when he is forced into early retirement from the mine. Struggling to find new ways to pass the time, he is

reduced to polishing his collection of garden gnomes. It becomes apparent that his job at the mine was the cornerstone that held everything together and that without it, Schultze's world has been uprooted.

THEN SOMETHING unexpected happens when he chances upon some zydeco music on a late-night radio program. There is a spark and he begins to stir. The contrast between the restrained, traditional polkas he has been playing and the lively American music is immediately obvious, even if the change in Schultze takes longer to manifest itself. It is truly a joy to watch as the man sets off on a journey of self-discovery that leads him from his homeland to America in search of the sounds of zydeco.

As Schultze, Krause carries the weight of the film on his shoulders, and he does so impressively, with very little dialogue. Even when he's at the centre of the screen, Schultze appears somewhat detached from the action—and yet, Krause's portrayal is so involving that the character never seems passive. Schultze is always aware of what is happening, even if he stumbles in his attempts



to communicate his own feelings.

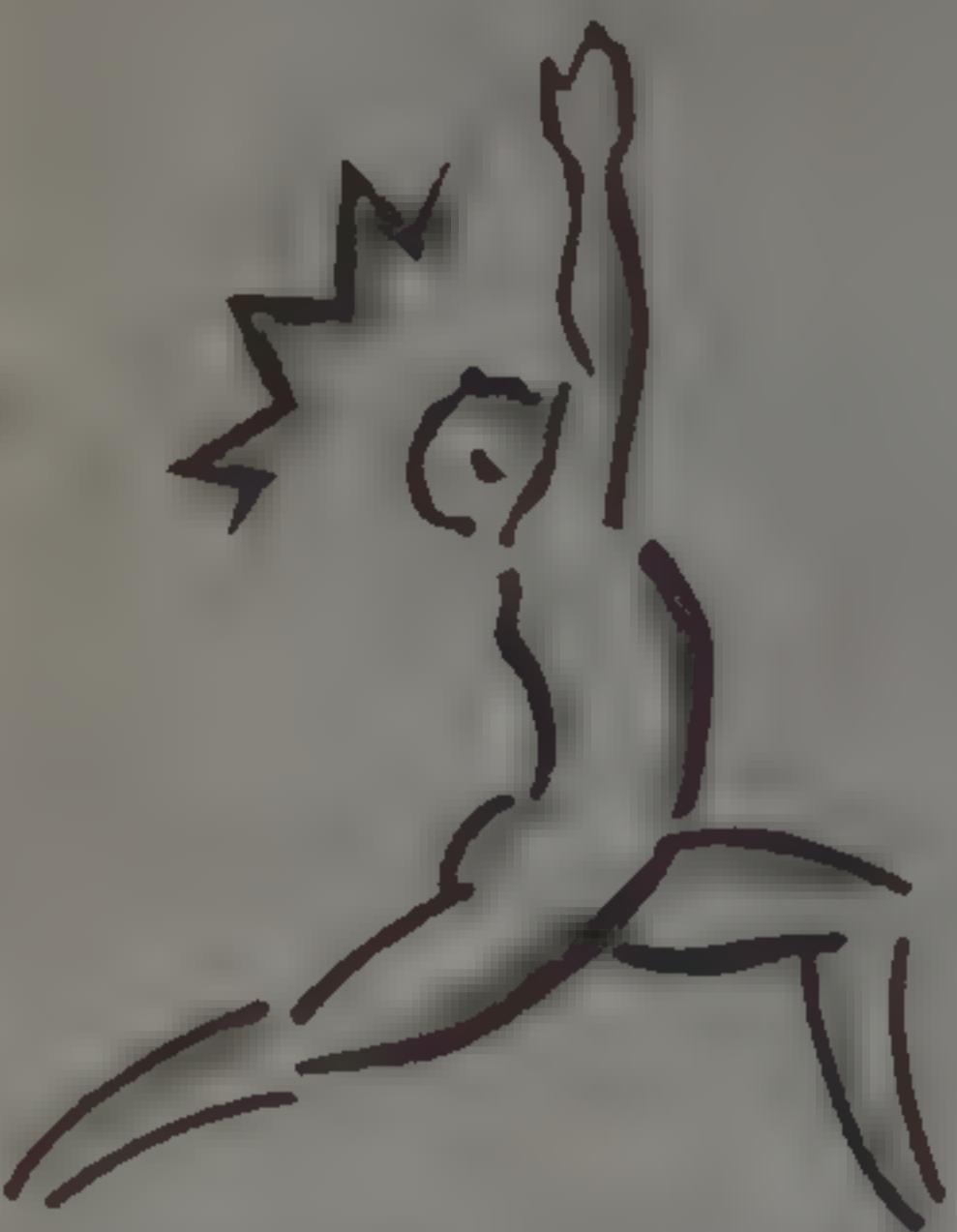
There are many excellent scenes in the film, but one of the best takes place around a dinner table where Schultze and his friends talk of revolutions. When Schultze asks if they are not too old for such things, he's told that everyone needs a little revolution. This particular revolution belongs to Schultze, but we are fortunate to be able to accompany him as his journey winds its way to its conclusion. ☐

SCHULTZE GETS THE BLUES

Written and Directed by Michael Schorr
• Starring Horst Krause, Karl-Fred Müller, Harald Warmbrunn and Wilhelmine Horschig • Opens Fri, May 27

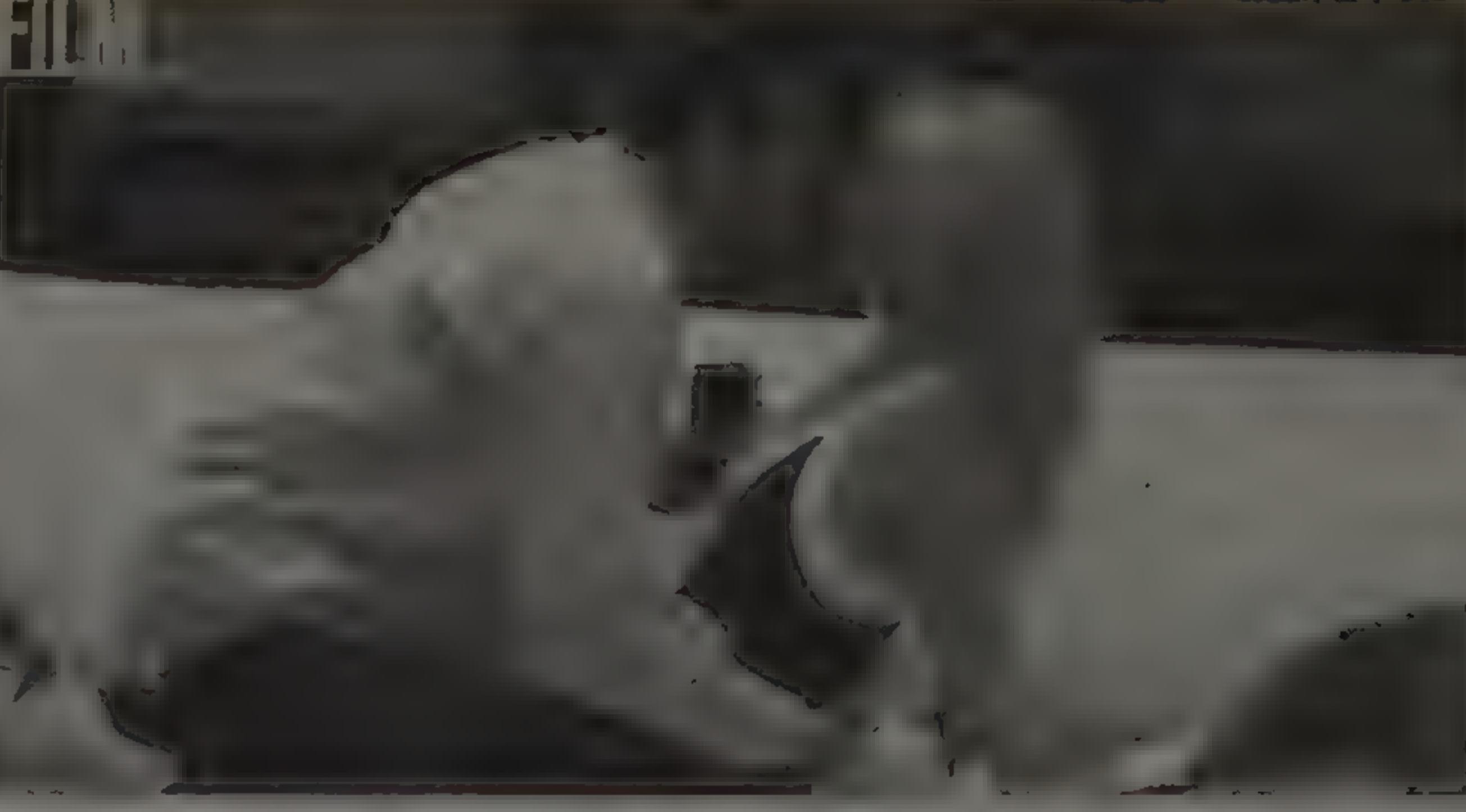
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Peter's digest

The Life and Death of Peter Sellers is a pointless film about a nasty, nasty man

BY COLLEEN ADDISON

Freud was an evil man. Society is so steeped in Freudian ideas that it's hard to watch even something as innocent as *The Little Mermaid*, what with the jutting mast of Prince Eric's ship and all. A cigar isn't always just a cigar, though, especially when the cigar is an enormous phallus-shaped rocket placed precisely at the juncture of Geoffrey Rush's thighs. You know, you just have to blush for some people.

Yep, *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers*—an offbeat biopic that was a main selection at the 2004 Cannes Film Festival before debuting on HBO and which is now available on DVD—is loaded with Freudian imagery, and it's not exactly subtle. Does Peter (Rush, who won a Golden Globe for his performance) care a wee bit too much about his mom (Miriam Margolyes)? Well, they are curled up in bed together. Is Peter also attracted to pretty Britt Ekland (china doll Charlize Theron), who later becomes

his second wife? Well, he does take pictures of her with a long lens camera positioned right at his crotch.

Peter Sellers, of course, is the British comedian best known for his legendary chameleon-like performances in *Dr. Strangelove* and the *Pink Panther* series. But somehow, our Peter ends up with the conviction that he doesn't really have a personality. One would think this neurosis would be common among actors, but for Peter, it's an all-consuming obsession. A

REVIEW **DVD**

near-death experience (his heart stopped eight times after an attack in 1964) brings on an appalling fantasy sequence where he searches through crowds of his characters for himself.

It's tough to make an interesting film about a personality-less person, but the task is made even more difficult by the few glimpses we get of the real Peter. No wonder he wanted to be someone else; the Peter portrayed in this film is horrible. He's a jerk to his wives Anne (Emily Watson) and Britt, cheating on Anne and throwing a temper tantrum, complete with foot-stamping and threats of suicide, when she returns the favour. Plus he's a bad father. Not ineffectual-bad, like clueless John Lithgow in *Flashdance*, or Mr.

Buried-in-His-Books Bennett from *Pride and Prejudice*. No, this guy is downright smash-up-his-kid's-toys mean, and worse, he's mean for utterly no reason.

BUT THEN, so much of this is for no reason. Why were these parts of his life shown and not others? The film hurtles past his childhood, find him a father of two, visiting gay directors and terrorizing his children. Why does he adore his picture, *Being There*, to the extent of burning up the props from his other films? Sigh. All that symbolism and yet so little to be symbolic about

As a side note, though, the performances in the film are excellent (so much talent, so little taste). Emily Watson's work as the long-suffering Anne, is a particular stand-out: when Peter confesses his love for Britt, Anne, she nods and smiles, recognizing her ex-husband's childish whims and feeling very glad she is no longer one of them. Unfortunately, the actors are so underused that the film hardly seems worth all the effort they put into it. Charlize Theron, for example, flits on and off the screen like a firefly; she falls in love with Peter, cries at his heart attack and gets fed up with his antics, all in the space of what feels like about 15 minutes.

At least the film doesn't try to posit Peter Sellers as a genius, a flaw of so many biopics and a word that's invoked way too easily anyway. This was a man whose personal life was such a mess that he died alone, in the middle of his fourth divorce, having alienated everyone who ever loved him. And great actor he may have been, but he made plenty of duds in between his classics. But what a let-down this movie is; I adored Inspector Clouseau and would like to have seen something interesting about the actor who created him. *The Life and Death of Peter Sellers*, however, isn't it. □

**THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF PETER SELLERS**

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23 JUN

waterboy to quarterback this week with *The Longest Yard*, the great Robert Aldrich movie that used to play on TV every other month in the late '70s. Adam Sandler, Chris Rock, Burt Reynolds and James Woods star in *Anger Management* director Peter Segal's remake of the 1974 movie classic about a disgraced former pro quarterback, now doing time in prison, who faces an ethical dilemma when the warden asks him to put together a team of inmates for a fixed prisoners-versus-guards football game. Coincidentally, it's the 40th anniversary of the Paul Thomas Anderson film *Purple Drank Love and Boogie Nights*, in which Philip Seymour Hoffman played a guard instead of James Cromwell. Come on, people! Where's the love for *Hard Eight*?

FILM WEEKLY THIS WEEK'S NEW MOVIES

Classic Western Weekend A program of unusual, neglected Westerns by noted auteur directors. Featuring: *Duck, You Sucker!* (a.k.a. *Fistful of Dynamite*) (1971, dir: Sergio Leone); Fri, May 27, 7pm and Sat, May 28, 8:30pm; *Two GUNS* (1957, dir: Samuel Fuller); Sun, May 29, 8:30pm and Mon, May 30, 10pm; *The Tall T* (1957, dir: Budd Boetticher); Sat, May 28, 7pm; Mon, May 30, 8:30pm; *Ride Lonesome* (1959, dir: Budd Boetticher); Fri, May 27, 10pm; Sun, May 29, 7pm. Read Colleen Addison's review on page 37. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel*

The Longest Yard Adam Sandler, Chris Rock, Burt Reynolds and James Woods star in *Anger Management* director Peter Segal's remake of the 1974 movie classic about a disgraced former pro quarterback, now doing time in prison, who faces an ethical dilemma when the warden asks him to put together a team of inmates for a fixed prisoners-versus-guards football game.

Madagascar The voices of Ben Stiller, Chris Rock, Jada Pinkett-Smith and David Schwimmer are featured in this computer-animated comedy about a lion, a zebra, a giraffe and a hippo who must quickly get in touch with their survival instincts when they escape from the Central Park Zoo, where they've lived their entire lives, and accidentally wind up stranded in Africa.

Mardi Gras: Made In China Director David Redmon's provocative documentary that traces the production, consumption and disposal of the cheap beaded necklaces which are assembled in factories by underpaid workers in China, shipped to the States and then worn by revelers at Mardi Gras in New Orleans. *Zeidler Hall, The Citadel*; Thu, May 26 (7pm)

My Favorite Wife Cary Grant, Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott star in *Adam's Rib*, director Garson Kanin's 1940 romantic comedy about a widower who is on the verge of remarrying, only to find out that his wife is in fact still alive and has been living for the last few years as a castaway on a desert island with a handsome male dentist. *Provincial Museum Auditorium* (128 St & 102 Ave); Tue, May 31 (8pm)

Schultze Gets the Blues Horst Krause, Karl-Fred Müller and Harald Warmbrunn star in writer/director Michael Schorr's offbeat road movie about a lonely, middle-aged accordion-playing German salt miner who embarks on a deco-fueled journey of self-discovery after being forced into early retirement. In German with English subtitles. Read Eden Munro's review on page 37.

The Sisterhood of the Traveling Pants Amber Tamblyn, Alexis Bledel, Jenna Boyd and America Ferrera star in *Dunston Checks In* director Ken Kwapis's film version of *Brashares's* popular YA novel about four teenaged girlfriends who cope with the coming-of-age crises of their first-ever summer apart with the help of a cherished pair of jeans that they all agree to keep for two weeks before passing them on.

NEW NEXT WEEK

The prospect of Ron Howard, Russell Crowe and screenwriter Akiva Goldsman—the team that inflicted *A Beautiful Mind* on us four years ago—reteam on an “inspirational” new biopic like *Cinderella Man* is one most movie snobs are dreading. But hey! If his supporting role in this movie finally gets Paul Giamatti an Oscar nomination, we promise not to squawk.

FILM LISTINGS

Showtimes for Friday, May 27 to Thursday, June 2

All showtimes are subject to change at any time. Please contact individual theatres for details.

CINEMA CITY 12/MOVIES 12

MOVIES 12 1020-1022 730-1130 1200-1230 1300-1330 1400-1430 1500-1530 1600-1630 1700-1730 1800-1830 1900-1930 2000-2030 2100-2130 2200-2230 2300-2330 2400-2430 2500-2530 2600-2630 2700-2730 2800-2830 2900-2930 3000-3030 3100-3130 3200-3230 3300-3330 3400-3430 3500-3530 3600-3630 3700-3730 3800-3830 3900-3930 4000-4030 4100-4130 4200-4230 4300-4330 4400-4430 4500-4530 4600-4630 4700-4730 4800-4830 4900-4930 5000-5030 5100-5130 5200-5230 5300-5330 5400-5430 5500-5530 5600-5630 5700-5730 5800-5830 5900-5930 6000-6030 6100-6130 6200-6230 6300-6330 6400-6430 6500-6530 6600-6630 6700-6730 6800-6830 6900-6930 7000-7030 7100-7130 7200-7230 7300-7330 7400-7430 7500-7530 7600-7630 7700-7730 7800-7830 7900-7930 8000-8030 8100-8130 8200-8230 8300-8330 8400-8430 8500-8530 8600-8630 8700-8730 8800-8830 8900-8930 9000-9030 9100-9130 9200-9230 9300-9330 9400-9430 9500-9530 9600-9630 9700-9730 9800-9830 9900-9930 10000-10030 10100-10130 10200-10230 10300-10330 10400-10430 10500-10530 10600-10630 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52200-52230 52300

The firstest Yard

DVD reissue of original *Longest Yard* is a tribute to old-school filmmaking professionalism

By DARREN ZENKO

VD commentaries are best when the movie's older and the commentators are a couple of old survivors getting together and just having a good time looking back and shooting the shit, guards down and voices personal. For a long time, my favourite commentary in this vein was Arnold Schwarzenegger and director John Milius's hilarious dialogue over *Conan the Barbarian*, but Burt Reynolds and producer Albert Ruddy present a serious challenger on the pre-remake "Lockdown Edition" of the classic 1974 football dramedy *The Longest Yard*. Informative and entertaining, with just the right amount (i.e., a lot) of the old "Oh, that's so-and-so... fantastic actor, really fantastic!", these two produce a warm feeling you just want to hang around in for days: nostalgic, happy, proud, mischievously laddish and just a little bit—and I don't mean this pejoratively—boozy.

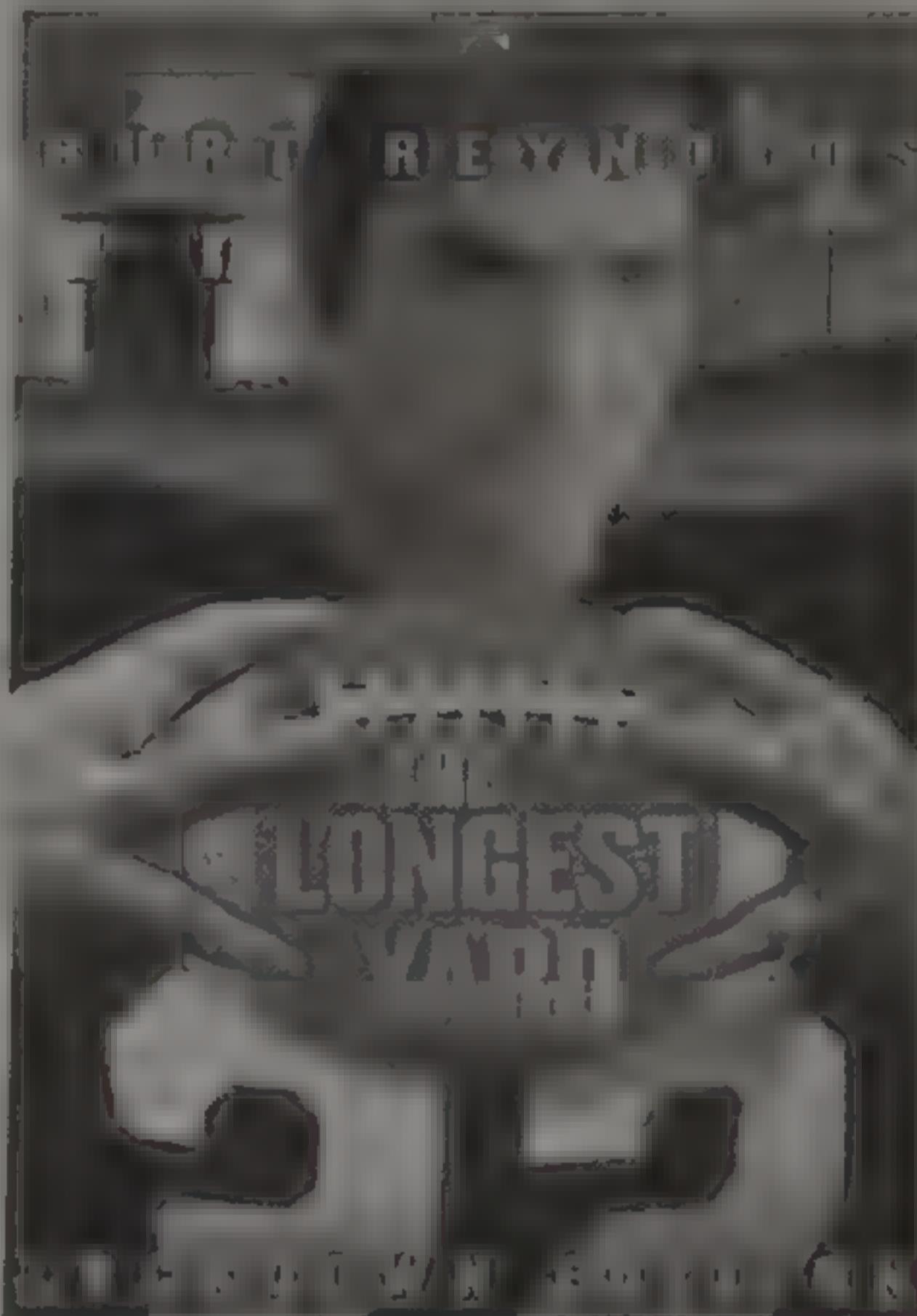
Thirty years is a long time in technology, and the technology of film is no exception. It's not just mechanical advances in equipment, stock, effects and projection that have changed films, but alterations and innovations in the art of filmmaking itself, and the world in which Reynolds, Ruddy and director Robert Aldrich (*The Dirty Dozen*, *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*)

created their prison yard fable of gridiron dignity is vastly different from the one in which Adam Sandler and Chris Rock have spun theirs. The pace of comedy—the very definition of a joke—is foreign, the style of sports action almost alien. It's weird to watch, for example, Burt Reynolds engaging in a leisurely five-minute chain-gang riff on an old Laurel and Hardy routine. Weird, but fun; *The Longest Yard* may be old, but it's not creaky, and never

REVUE DVD

stops entertaining from the first frame.

The entertainment isn't all comedy-derived, either. The film's grim setting informs all the laughs, at all times. You're not getting the grit and



grime and graphic debasement of modern prison drama like, say, *Oz*, but the fact of where (and who) these men are is inescapable. Ed Lauter as Captain Knauer, the head guard—and the player/coach oppo-

ing Reynolds—is a menacing thug, but the real evil here is in Eddie Albert's Warden Hazen, a grinning, manipulative, psychopathic control freak (and football fan) who dominates every shot he's in with this aura of inescapability, futility, powerlessness. I didn't want to pre-judge the Sandler remake here, but I've got to say I can't imagine even a skilled vet like James Cromwell pulling the role off as well. Eddie Albert is completely hypnotic.

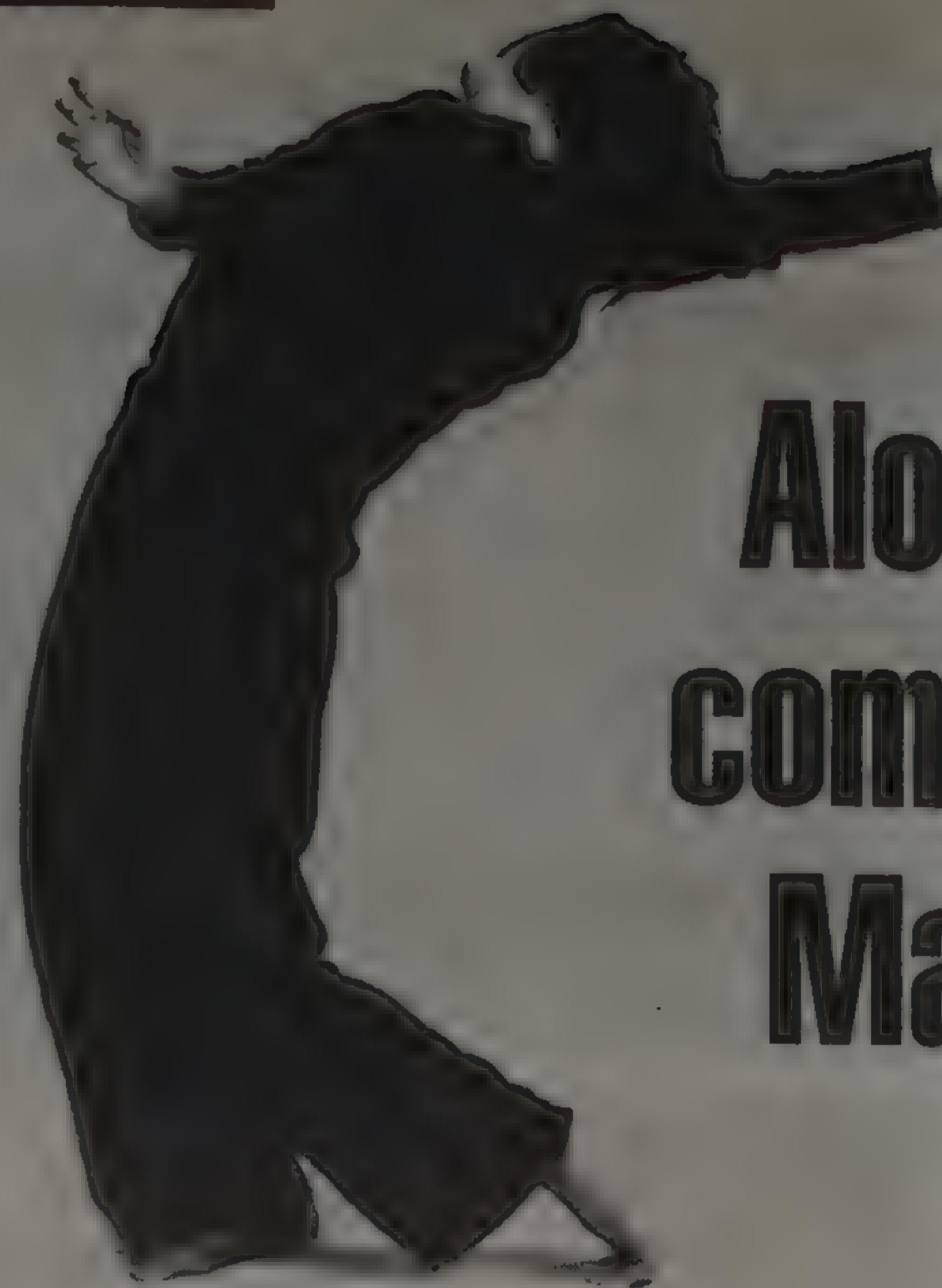
THE REAL STAR of the film, though, is the big prisoners-versus-guards game itself, and this is also where the commentary track shines by giving insights that enrich the whole experience. Aldrich wanted the football to be as realistic as possible, so he loaded up the cast with not just huge guys but real footballers, including the fearsome Ray Nitschke, whom our commentators just can't say enough about. The director then lined the two teams up and made them *play ball*. The game wasn't storyboarded; Reynolds, the former Baltimore Colts draftee, was calling and running the plays while Nitschke and his goons tried with total, earnest dedication to destroy him—Reynolds would whisper his plays to the camera crew so they knew where to set up, but that was it for planning. Even the final play, a heartstopping piece of highlight-reel football, came about naturally—and the celebration afterward was all the more genuine because the Cons had run that same play 10 times before Reynolds made it over the line.

The big game is also a showcase for what a director who hates gimmicks can do when he chooses to deploy them in the service of his film. Aldrich wasn't one to get cute, and his extensive use of split screens in the game scenes comes across with great power because it was necessary: rather than cut all over the place, he puts several shots up at once to convey a wholistic impression of game day. This, combined with perfect shot choice, a mind-blowingly wise sound design and the very real game going on, makes for stunning screen football. ☺

THE LONGEST YARD
Directed by Robert Aldrich • Written by Tracy Keenan Wynn • Starring Burt Reynolds, Eddie Albert and Ed Lauter • Now on DVD



ARTS



Along comes Mari

Japanese choreographer opens local dancers' minds (and bodies) with *Swept Away*

By DAVID BERRY

Mari Osanai nimbly lifts her foot to rest on the chair in which she is sitting. She daintily removes her sock,

one toe at a time, before sweeping it off in one fluid motion. Immediately, her foot springs to life: each toe seemingly moving of its own accord, each vein doing likewise, as if something inside her foot were desperately trying to get out.

"I like to feel the floor beneath my foot," she says as she stands. She lifts her other, still-socked foot a little ways off the floor, balancing remarkably easily on her lone, bare foot. The foot continues its pulsing, as if it had been split into thousands of separate pieces, each moving on its own but still together—a controlled, restrained piece of jelly, holding the rest of her body in place.

"I can feel more with my socks off, and that's very important. When you dance, you dance here," she continues, motioning to her increasingly expressive feet, "and so you need to feel the supremely delicate, much like finger movement. You can control your whole body with this small space. It is toe dancing."

The renowned Japanese modern dancer, last seen in Edmonton during 2001's Fringe in her show *Grey Waters Vast*, has returned to do *Swept Away*, a show that marks the culmination of her month-long work in Mile Zero Dance's continuing Dance

Lab, wherein the company invites choreographers, both local and from around the world, to expose Edmonton dancers to new techniques, styles and expressions of dance. As Mile Zero's artistic director Bobbi Todd explains, they are extremely excited at getting the chance to let one of the world's premiere modern dancers run a workshop.

"I still had Mari's program from four years ago," Todd says earnestly. "Her show was just that good—one of my top two, in 20 years of watching dance." For her, the chance to get Osanai back in town is about

more than just getting a chance to see a talented dancer—it's about

giving Edmonton's dance community something it needs. "The thing is, this sort of release work... well, we don't have enough of it here. In fact, I don't know if we have any, and we really need more of it. Badly."

Osanai specializes in Noguchi Taiso, a Japanese form of gymnastics that holds an explicit connection to the expression of water but as Osanai explains, relies more on the imagination of the dancers than the choreographer. "It uses imagination," she explains. "The teacher only gives the hint: 'You are a water bug. You are melting, you are jelly, an amoeba.' We are creating together, freely."

Todd agrees, and points out it is that freedom that makes Osanai's dance so worthwhile. "Much of modern dance is very bound, and very forced," she says, "and this is the opposite. Mari's dance is very organic, and a lot of the other forms are inorganic."

Probably why she doesn't like to wear socks. ☺

REVUE DANCE

Choreographed by Mari Osanai • *Swept Away* Centre for the Arts (Second Playing Space) • Fri, May 27 (8pm) • 424-1473

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Cinderella liberties

Puppeteer Shona Reppe reinvents classic fairytale on a tabletop stage

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

Puppeteer Shona Reppe loves to hear the "aaah." That's the sound her young audiences make early on in her "tabletop puppet show" *Cinderella* when they figure out that the pair of marabou-trimmed gloves on her hands are actually meant to represent the ugly stepsisters.

"It takes a little bit of time for them to work it out," Reppe says, "but eventually it dawns on them: 'Aaaaahhh, there are two of them. Aaaaahhh, they're being mean to Cinderella.' It's just not all that exciting to me to come out and say, 'Okay, ladies and gentlemen, here are the characters, here's the story and I'm going to tell it to you exactly the way you read it in the book.' It's really important to me not to spoon-feed the audience. I don't want the show to confuse them or go over their heads, but I think kids are pretty quick on the uptake. Children are a lot smarter than people think."

SHE NEVER TRAINED as an actor or a puppeteer, but the Scottish-born Reppe (who comes to St. Albert this week as one of the featured performers at the International Children's Festival) has nevertheless become a popular and respected figure on the TYA circuit. Her respect for her audience's intelligence may have a lot to do with her success; she started out designing sets, props and costumes for adult shows, and when she made the switch to children's theatre, she wasn't about to lower her standard of quality. "I just got a little tired of working for other people," she says, "and I found myself wanting to do my own thing. And then I went to this puppet festival in Scotland that just blew my mind—I thought, 'Wow, what an amazing artform! I can create my own world and build my own characters and then bring them all

to life.' It's very personal for me."

Reppe's repertoire includes both original stories as well as adaptations of familiar fairytales, and she's careful to ensure that even a well-known story like *Cinderella* bears her own personal stamp. "There's a temptation," she says, "to want to do a version of the story that says, 'No, she doesn't get married, she'll be independent at the end!' I didn't want to do that, but I also didn't want to say, 'Oh look, boys and girls, poor Cinderella's pathetic, she can't do anything, and now someone's come along to make everything better for her. She's pretty and so she's going to marry a handsome prince.' *Cinderella* in my show is actually quite weird-looking: she's got a tiny head, she's got huge feet.

"The saddest bit for me," she continues, "is the way her father remarries very quickly and doesn't really notice her anymore because he's so busy with his new family. The only people who notice her are her stepsisters, who just torture her constantly."

(Reppe includes the gory Brothers Grimm bit where the stepsisters

carve off bits of their feet in order to make them fit into Cinderella's glass slipper, but she leaves out the bit where birds come along and peck their eyes out: "Well, you have to stop somewhere," she laughs.)

Reppe says she's looking forward to checking out networking with her fellow artists during her downtime at the festival, but I don't have much luck pumping her for gossip about the rowdy behaviour children's performers get up to together after dark. "We're quite well-behaved," she says, "or at least we are if we have a show the next day. But I think children's performers do tend to be in touch with the fun side of life. It's very difficult to have a big ego when you work in children's theatre—as soon as you puff yourself up, the next show you have will have a kid in the audience who brings you right back down to earth." ☺

INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

The Arden (St. Albert) • May 31-June 4 • 459-1515

Comfortable new Shoes

An all-star 12-member cast helps Jonathan Christensen get *Sticky Shoes* on its feet

BY PAUL MATWYCHUK

The Catalyst Theatre building has one of the most eye-catching exteriors (you gotta love that siloed entrance!) and most beautifulabies of any theatre space in Edmonton, but it's still not exactly what you'd call a *large* theatre: "We've got a dressing room that can handle about eight actors fairly comfortably," says the company's artistic director, Jonathan Christensen. That's going to be a problem for Catalyst's new show, *Sticky Shoes*, which requires a cast of not eight, not 12, but 19. (The eclectic lineup includes Natalie Cairns, John Sproule, Beth Graham, Michele Brown, Clarice Eckard and Darrin Hagen.)

"I've always liked working with small casts," says Christensen, who's getting ready to take Catalyst's one-actor musical *The Blue Orphan* to Ottawa for the Magnetic North Theatre Festival this June. "What I like about them is that they create a sense of an event. The thing that theatre has at its base is the way it brings us all together in a room to experience an event as a community in a way that's different from any other artform. Theatre has the power to bring us together and make a big statement not just about individual lives, but who we are collectively. I'm interested in theatre that has that sense of scale—that sense of an entire community being presented onstage."

Sticky Shoes evolved out of *Love + Lust*, the acrobatic performance piece starring John Ulyatt and Annie Lagan that Catalyst staged last spring, but few traces of that much more intimate production remain in this new version. The show still takes place in an atmospheric, other-worldly environment designed by Brett

Gerecke, but instead of the flowers, candles and chocolates that were the main design motif in *Love + Lust*, this time the theatre has been decorated with wedding gowns that float above the audience's heads and are lit from within like paper lanterns. And instead of simply tracking one couple through their entire romantic life together, *Sticky Shoes* blends several different storylines into the action, everything from a Beckettian vignette involving an older couple meeting on a park bench to an adaptation of the Greek myth of the Danaides, the 50 daughters of an Egyptian prince who, after being forced into marrying their 50 male cousins, murdered their new husbands on their wedding night.

CHRISTENSON'S SCRIPT was influenced by the work of trailblazing American playwright Charles Mee.

PREVIEW THEATRE

Vienna: *Lusthaus*, which was successfully revived Off-Broadway a couple of years ago, is probably Mee's best-known work; like *Sticky Shoes*, it's a kaleidoscopic, large-cast piece that tackles a big theme through a series of small, theatrically dynamic vignettes instead of constructing some kind of grand, unified, conventional narrative around it. He's a magpie playwright who borrows freely from Greek tragedy, scraps of poetry and found text and makes all his scripts freely available on the internet, encouraging anyone who uses them to take them apart and reassemble them in a new way. "There is no such thing as an original play," Mee says. "I hope the people who read the plays published here will feel free to treat the texts I've made the same way I've treated the texts of others."

"I was really interested in having seniors in the piece," Christensen says. "That was the first thing that turned me onto Mee, reading his play *First Love*, which is the one about the elderly couple on the bench and the woman discovering that she's actually falling in love for the first time in her life. I love the notion of someone feeling that all-consuming, crazy-making love, but also having it after a lifetime

of experience—there's an interesting tension there. And I just wanted to see some older bodies in the cast. Dave Clarke and Sandy Nicholls, who play the couple, aren't seniors, of course, but I do think we've succeeded in putting together a fairly mature cast. Most of them are in their late 30s to early 40s, and that's really fun, to work with people with that kind of experience behind them."

CHRISTENSON'S WORK on *Sticky Shoes* is far from over; what audiences will be seeing this time out is more of a deluxe workshop performance than a full, "finished" production. "It's a staged reading with the emphasis on *staged*," Christensen says—the actors will have their scripts in hand, but the experience will be as theatrical as Christensen and Gerecke can make it. (There's going to be a lot more to look at than a row of actors in their street clothes reading lines off music stands.)

"I actually love these workshops," says Christensen, who used similar semi-formal performances to test out *The Blue Orphan* and *Carmen Angel*. "I love that you have a very short time frame to rehearse in, and since you're not going for an ultimate finished product, the stakes are a bit lower, which means that everyone involved in the project can enter into it with a more playful, risk-taking spirit. When you're not as worried about arriving somewhere, you can try out all sorts of possibilities and take risks you might not otherwise.... We were talking about plays that make the audience feel like they're attending an event, but I would say that even the process of just *creating* this show has felt like an event too. There was a real excitement among the company that came just from having this many people together in the same room working on material that dealt with these kinds of big stories and big ideas."

If only the dressing room could be that big, too.... ☺

STICKY SHOES

Written and directed by Jonathan Christensen • Starring Dave Clarke, Sandra Nicholls, Darrin Hagen, Beth Graham and Michele Brown • Catalyst Theatre (8529 Gateway Blvd) • May 27-28 and June 3-4 • 431-1750



Shelley Rothenburger's *Unclean* art

Painter enlists aid of edgy poet to portray life of Edmonton homeless

BY AGNIESZKA MATEJKO

Painter Shelley Rothenburger was not feeling terribly inspired when she began researching her impending exhibition. She had gone to the public library and sat down contentedly to look through a large pile of art books, hoping for a bolt of inspiration to strike. She was not getting very far—and to make matters worse, a foul smell was making it increasingly difficult for her to con-

centrate. The source of the odour turned out to be one of the street people who frequent the library; he staggered up to her and made himself comfortable in the adjoining seat.

"He looked rough, he could barely walk," Rothenburger says. "Boy did he smell! He leaned over into me and was telling me something. I had no idea what he said."

ARTS

VISUAL ARTS

Then Rothenburger did something that she had never done before: she decided to listen to this man. "I stayed there, kept looking through my book. I don't know what it's like to live his extreme life and I had the need not to ignore these people like

I normally do."

As she sat trying to understand the man's incomprehensible mumblings, a sudden sense of certainty overcame her. This man—and all the familiar faces of street-people whose gaze Rothenburger usually avoided assiduously as she slinked by them every day—would be her inspiration. They would become the subjects for her series of portraits entitled *The Unclean*: portraits of the city's most unwashed and unwanted citizens, but which would hang in a gallery like pictures of illustrious premiers in the Legislature. With her idea now solidified, Rothenburger contacted Mingus Tourette, a poet whose raw, uncompromising work she considered exceptionally well-suited to the theme. As Rothenburger created her portraits, Tourette wrote poetry in response, which he eventually scribbled, graffiti-like, across the gallery walls.

It was a perfect meshing of two artists whose expressive power lies in their total lack of sentimentality. "I didn't want the show to be a moral statement just saying that we need to fix this," Rothenburger explains.

"I am not looking up or down at [street people]," Tourette adds. "I am just trying to capture the moment. There is no saviour mentality to this [show]. It is what it is,

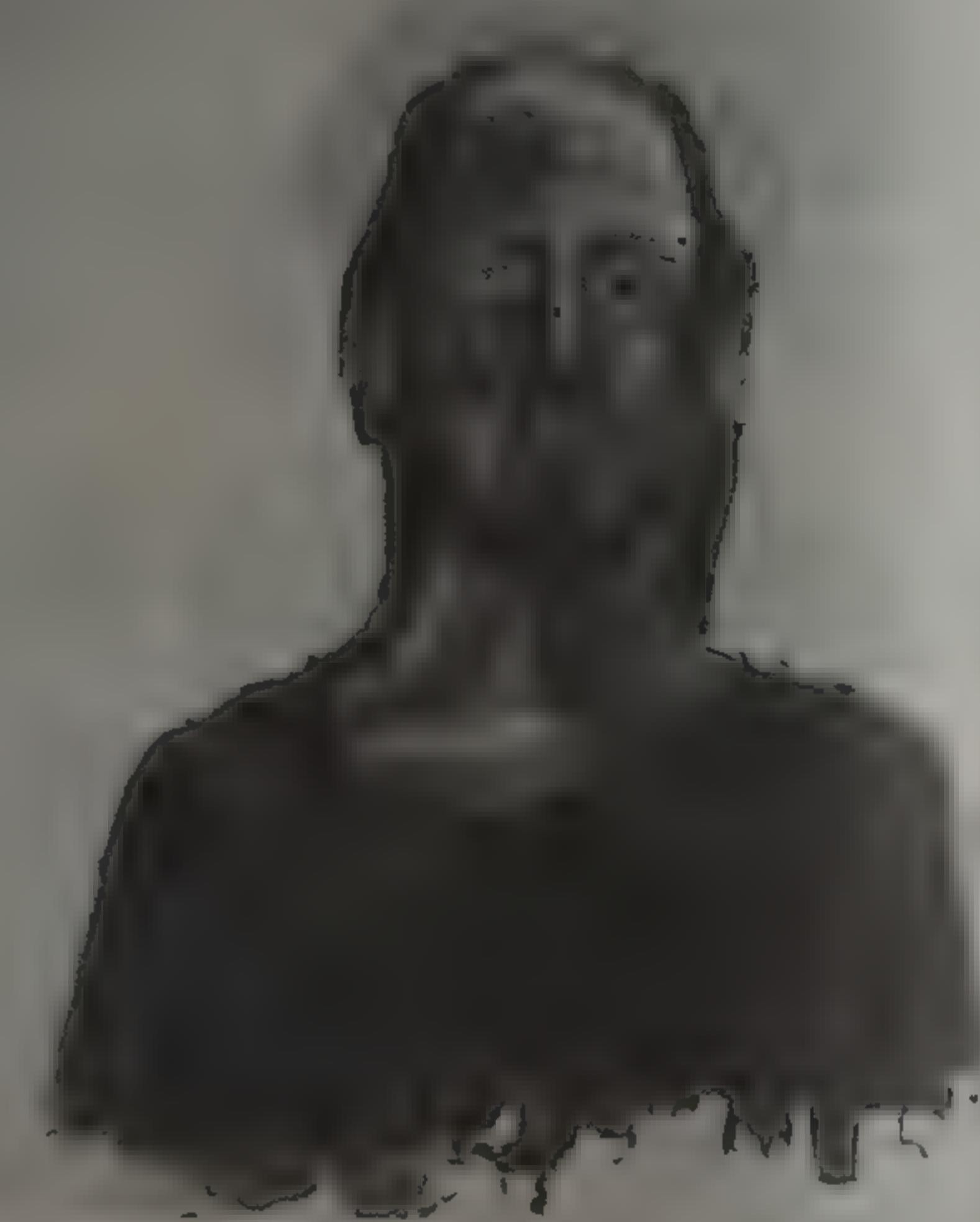
there is no judgment."

AND NEITHER Tourette nor Rothenburger see any reason to hold themselves above people who live on the street. As artists, they've witnessed that life from just one short rung on the ladder above it. "If you are sleeping in a hostel with the homeless, you're still a step above being homeless, but you are not far removed from it," explains Tourette, whose travels around the world have taken him to some less-than-four-star hotels. "When it comes to substance abuse and mental imbalance, I can certainly relate to that."

"Me too," interjects Rothenburger. "I can't drink because I am an alcoholic. I hadn't drank for years and years and years. I was in a shelter for one part of my life, but I haven't been out on the streets."

Rothenburger is firm when she says that she's not trying to compare herself to street people. But the life

experience of both artists lends this show a genuine aura of authenticity. "I don't make any money, so I am just one step away," says Rothenburger quietly.



"When you're living on 500 to 1,000 bucks a month you can't afford to rent videos, but you still have enough money for liquor," Tourette laughs. "There are times you find yourself in the same position these people are in. I have woken up passed out on the street and wondered what the hell happened." He pauses for a moment and adds thoughtfully, "I would never want to compare that because it would be ignorant to say that I have lived like you when I really didn't, but when you are down closer to the ground you know what's there."

THE UNCLEAN

By Shelley Rothenburger • Featuring Mingus Tourette • Fringe Gallery • To May 31

CORRECTION

Last week's article about the Alberta Biennial of Contemporary Art incorrectly identified the creator of the sculpture that appeared on the cover as "Kevin Wade" instead of Nicholas Wade.

At first we thought we'd claim that the error was itself a piece of contemporary art—an exploration of identity, creation and "naming" in modern urban society—but we'd be lying.

Nope, we screwed up, and we apologize to Wade for the mistake. The Alberta Biennial continues at the Edmonton Art Gallery until September 4.

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theatre notes

BY LEAH COLLINS
AND PAUL MATWYCHUK

Everybody loves Sigmund

Stewart Lemoine and Jocelyn Ahlf • Timms Centre for the Arts • To May 28 • **reVUE** Up to the point before his death, Sigmund Freud was deep in the process of self-analysis. In Terry Johnson's *Hysteria*, it seems, he's trying to pick off where Freud left off, continuing Freud's self-examination by bringing it to the stage.

In the first moments of *Hysteria*, actor David Allan King masterfully (and eerily) places the audience in the doctor's head: a searing spotlight is cast on (Jon Baggaley) alone, as the doctor of his study is slowly, mysteriously revealed through flickering impressions of light. It all suggests the sensory connection of a long-forgotten memory: a crackly phonograph, the chug of a washing machine, the blasting voice on the other side of an intercom swell into one another, reverberating like voices in the mind, as the audience is introduced to Freud: a dying man displaced from his native Austria by Nazi invasion, a tireless academic still working despite the pain of bone cancer.

The relative quiet of Freud's study soon disturbed, though, by visitors who challenge both Freud's theories and his peace of mind. His friend/collaborator/physician, Abraham Yahuda (Richard Gishler), threatens to burn Freud's latest manuscript (a little page-turner called *Moses and Monotheism*), and by Freud's apparent disavowal of Jewish faith. Then there's the tenacious rain-soaked intruder, Jessica (Laura Brovold), who appears in the middle of the night demanding therapy.

Freud's Wellington boots and, ultimately, information about her dead mother are the Jewish patients. Even Salvador Dalí (Albert McKoen) storms through the door, with the clownishness of a mustached Roberto Benigni for an audience with his surrealist patron saint.

All these unexpected visits initially seem like an intriguing mix as Johnson's play dissects Freud's theories and discusses such disparate topics as child abuse and the Holocaust. But it all too easily ends up being a silly farce with the cast of "wacky" visitors slamming doors and shedding clothes for what feels like an only slightly less serious use of eternity.

Johnson's slapstickery and his wittiness—potshots at everything from Jung to the swollen waistline of Anna Freud—wasn't funny enough, and the cast handles them well (Gishler plays an especially manic straight man), but Johnson's direction and timing didn't know when to quit making with the funny, keeping the audience from the grip of the drama.

By the time the longwinded farce of the even more longwinded first act is over, Act II's revelations and sur-

real hallucinations (Patrick Du Wors's set fantastically transforms into a nightmarish Dalí-inspired vision, complete with melting clocks, elasticized doors and dancing anthropomorphic psych-textbook terms), you'll have likely forgotten all about the play's intriguing set-up. Sadly, the heady interest of the analysis of a man's life and his controversial work get traded off for not much better than a few penis-envy jokes. (LC)

Swell Lapse

A Momentary Lapse • **Varscona Theatre** • To June 4 • **reVUE** If I took home a message from *A Momentary Lapse*, the new comedy by Stewart Lemoine and Jocelyn Ahlf, it was this: I've really been taking Scandinavia for granted. I get the feeling that one of the things Lemoine and Ahlf did to amuse themselves while they were writing the script was to fill it with as many pro-Scandinavian messages as they could—Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg gets namechecked in one scene, a tray of Havarti cheese makes an appearance in another, the entire set was purchased at Ikea, and one character makes a convincing case for the notion that Shakespeare should have ended his play with Hamlet becoming king of Denmark instead of Fortinbras. ("Who's that?!" he asks indignantly.)

You know what else I've been taking for granted? The comic talents of Sheri Somerville, who gives a very funny performance here as Louise Trent, a wife, mother, Lancôme lady, amateur flutist and the world's worst Amnesty International volunteer. Somerville plays Louise with a wonderful sort of scatterbrained earnestness, flitting from one half-completed project to the next, not realizing that the stress of her overcommitted schedule will soon cause her to snap at the worst possible moment: in the middle of an international plane trip.

And so, instead of flying to western Africa as she originally planned, Louise winds up in police custody somewhere in Ontario doing community service alongside Arthur Pomeroy (Farren Timoteo), a surly, pyromaniac high-school student who got arrested during the same flight as Louise: the play is their breezy recreation of all the events that led up to their breach of the law (Jeff Haslam). (That's right: Jeff Haslam plays The Law. "Normally," he cheerfully explains, "I'm more of a concept and less of a fella.")

It doesn't take long to realize that Ahlf and Lemoine don't really care if you pay attention to the plot. It's just a long shaggy-dog story that gives the actors an excuse to play a wide assortment of goofy characters—I especially enjoyed seeing Somerville as Arthur's dimwitted, musclebound friend Corey, Timoteo as Louise's flamboyantly swishy pal Val, and Haslam as the dictator of Equatorial Guinea, who reacts to Louise's telephone call demanding he release one of his political prisoners as if she were a neighbour asking him to turn his stereo down. (I also love that he answers the phone by shouting, "Dictator!")

A Momentary Lapse is a pretty aimless play, to say the least, but it's aimless and inconsequential by design, and even if it doesn't actually wind up taking you anywhere in particular, it cracks plenty of funny jokes along the way. And a consistently funny play is something you shouldn't take for granted either. (PM) 

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Deadline is Friday at 3pm

DANCE

HOPAK IN THE PARK Hawrelak Park, Heritage Amphitheatre (420-1757) • Presented by the Alberta Ukrainian Dance Association featuring Cheremosh, Dunai, Nadiya, Suziria, Trembita, Tryzub, Vohon, and Volya • Sat, June 4 (1pm) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square, Meest Travel, Orbit, Ukrainian Bookstore, Ukrainian Canadian Congress

SALSAPALOOZA Dance with Me Studio, 6111-101 Ave (420-1757) • Showcase, competition and party featuring the Marco Clavera Quartet, Juan and Juanita at Midnight • June 4 (8pm door, 9:30pm show/competition) • \$20 (adv)/\$25 (door) • Tickets available at TIX on the Square

SWEEP AWAY Timms Centre for the Arts, Second Playing Space (424-1571) • Choreography by Mari Osanai featuring dancers Mari Osanai, Gerry Monta, Nancy Sandercock, Theresa Dextre, Joanne Messilink, and Jennifer Macleod • Fri, May 27 (8pm) • \$7 (adv)/\$9 (door)

GALLERIES/MUSEUMS

AGNES BUGERA GALLERY 12310 Jasper Ave (482-2854) • **PRairie Landscapes**: Paintings by Terry Fenton • May 28-June 10

ALBERTA CRAFT COUNCIL GALLERY 10186-106 St (488-6611) • Open Mon-Sat 10am-5pm (closed all hols) • **Main Gallery: WAISTCOATS-WASTCOATS**: Sculptural, felted artworks by Angelika Werth; May 28-July 9 • **MY HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE**: Ceramic artworks by Shirley Rimer; May 28-July 9; opening reception: June 4 (2-4pm) • **HISTORY IN THE MAKING**: June 4-Aug. 31; Opening reception and anniversary celebration: Sat, June 4 (2-4pm)

ARTS BARN 10330-84 Ave (479-0014) • **THE MIND OF COMPASSION SAND MANDALA**: An exhibition of Tibetan art • May 31-June 5 • May 31, June 1, 2, 4 (11am-8pm); June 3 (11am-7pm), lecture presentation (7pm); \$10; June 5 (11am-3pm), Mandala sand dispersal ceremony (3pm) • \$35 (6-day pass)/\$8.50 (adult)/\$4 (child over 5)

BEARCLAW GALLERY 10403-124 St (482-1204) • Artworks by Norval Morrisseau, Daphne Odjig, Roy Thomas, Jane Ash Poitras, George Littlechild, Joane Cardinal-Schubert, Jim Logan, Maxine Noel, Aaron Paquette and others

BRUCE PEEL SPECIAL COLLECTIONS LIBRARY U of A Campus (492-7929) • Open: Mon-Fri 12-4:30pm • **PRESS-ING**: Canadian Poetry and Small Publishers, 1950-1980, including books and poetic objects • May-August

CENTRE D'ARTS VISUELS DE L'ALBERTA 9103-95 Ave (461-3427) • **SILENCE AND EXPRESSIONS**: Artworks by Curtis Johnson, Almasta Alizée, Mary Topping, Julie Drew • Opening reception: May 27 (7:30pm)

CITADEL THEATRE 9828-101A Ave (988-8914) • **CELEBRATING WOMEN**: Watercolours by Larisa Sembaluk Chaladyn • Until May 29

COLLECTIVE CONTEMPORARY ART AND DESIGN SHOP 6507-112 Ave (491-0002) • Open: Wed-Fri 12-6pm, Sat 10-6pm, Sun 12-4pm • **EMERGE**: Group show • Through mid June

EDMONTON ART GALLERY 2 Sir Winston Churchill Sq (422-6223) • Open Tue-Wed and Fri 10:30am-5pm; Thu 10:30am-8pm; Sat, Sun 11am-5pm. Closed Mon • **5TH ALBERTA BIENNIAL OF CONTEMPORARY ART**: Until Sept. 4 • **BETWEEN BORDERS**: until June 19 • **19TH CENTURY FRENCH REALIST MASTERWORKS FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA**: until May 29 • **Visit with Artists**: Edmonton Art Gallery lecture theatre: Lecture and slide presentation by landscape artist Brent Laycock; Thu, May 26 (7pm); free • **All Day Saturday: Art From the Street-Publi Works**; May 28-29 (noon-4pm) • **Children's Gallery: TIRANA-NOG (FOREVER YOUNG)**: By Spider Yardley-Jones • \$9 (adult)/\$6 (student/senior)/\$3 (child 6-12)/free (member/child 5 and under)

ELCTRUM DESIGN STUDIO 12419 Stony Plain Rd (482-1402) • Open Tue by appt. only, Wed-Fri 10am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-4pm, closed long weekends • **COLLECTION 2005**: Rotating show of artists works

EXTENSION CENTRE GALLERY Extension Centre, 2nd Fl, 8303-112 St • Open: Mon-Fri (8am-4pm) • **TOUCH ME: WOMEN'S ART EXHIBITION**: Featuring artworks by Noni Boyle, Brenda Mankinson, and Agnieszka Matejko • Readings in the Gallery by the artists during Women's Words: Summer Writing Week • June 6-29 • Opening reception: Sun, June 5 (5-7pm)

FAB GALLERY Rm 1-1 Fine Arts Building, 112 St, 89 Ave (492-2081) • Open: Tuesday to Friday, 10am to 5pm, and Saturday, 2pm-5pm • **COLLABORATIVE CONSTRUCTION OF DIAGRAMS FOR HIGHER-ORDER THINKING**: Design works by Marc Brisbourne • **ONCE REMOVED**: Printworks by Shannon Collis • **SPECULATIVE ARRANGEMENTS**: Printworks by Erik Waterkotte • May 24-June 4 • Opening reception: Thu, May 26 (7-10pm)

FORT DOOR 10308-81 Ave (432-7535) • Open: Mon-Wed, Sat 10am-6pm, Thu-Fri 10am-9pm, Sun 12-5pm • Eskimo soapstone carvings, Inuk by G. Arluk, Eskimo and Indian silver and gold jewellery by J. Sawyer • Through May

FRAME OF MIND GALLERY 7150-90 Ave (477-3463) • Open: Mon-Sat 10am-6pm • Artworks by the Washi Chigiri-e Art Association group • June 4-18 • Opening reception: June 4 (2-4:30pm)

FRINGE GALLERY Bsmt 10516 Whyte Ave (432-0240) • Open: Mon-Sat 9:30-6pm • **THE UNCLEAN**: Artworks by Shelley Rothenburger with poetry by Mingus Tourette; until May 31 • Artworks by Eisert Hall; through June

HARCOURT HOUSE 10215-112 St (426-4180) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-5pm; Sat 12-4pm • **IN BETWEEN**: Artworks by Lylian Klimek; May 26-June 18; opening reception: Thu, May 26 (7-10pm)

May 26 (7-10pm) • **Front Room: BURLS AND BUNDLES**: Installation-based work by Jen Rae; May 26-June 18; opening reception: Thu, May 26 (7-10pm)

JEFF ALLEN ART GALLERY Strathcona Place Senior Centre, 10831 University Ave (433-5807) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-4pm • **SPRING DEBUT**: Artworks by the Centre's senior arts and crafts members; until May 27 • Artworks by Joan Chambers; June 6-30; Opening reception: Wed, June 15 (6:30-8:30pm)

JOHNSON GALLERY 2711-85 St (465-6171) • Open Mon-Fri 9am-5:30pm, Sat 10am-5pm • Artworks by Marilyn Rile, Wendy Risdale, Don Sharpe and others • Through May

JOHNSON GALLERY 11817-80 St (479-8424) • Open Mon-Fri 9:30am-5:30pm; Sat 9:30am-4pm • Prints by Toti and Myles MacDonald, Watercolours by Myrna Wildin Pottery by Noboru Kubo • Through May

LATITUDE 53 10248-106 St (423-5353) • **Nextfest**: Featuring artworks by Devon Beggs, Ted Kerr and Colleen Langford; May 28-June 13 • **Nextfest visual arts gala**: May 28 (7pm-12am) • **Visualeyez Festival** • Gerry Monta Promenade (Sir Winston Churchill Square); Sat, May 28 (1pm) • David Jacques and Dominique Sirios; Thu, May 26 (8pm) • Linda Rae Doman (Stanley A. Milner Library); Sat, May 28 (2pm) • Angela Dorner; survey; May 27 (12-5pm); May 27 (9pm), Sun, May 29 (2pm)

MCMILLAN GALLERY U of A Hospital, 8440-112 St (407-7152) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-8pm; Sat-Sun 1-8pm • **INSIDE THE DRESS**: Artworks by nine women artists • Until July 10

MCPAC MULTICULTURAL PUBLIC ART GALLERY 5411-51 St, Stony Plain (963-2777) • Open: Mon-Sat 10am-4pm Sun 10am-6:30pm • **PROXIMITY**: Installation by Noni Boyle; Until May 31 • **THE ART OF YOUTH**: Artworks by Memorial Composite High School students; June 2-28; Art Sunday: June 5 (1-4pm) • **Dining Room Gallery**: Paintings by Ruby Golding; Until June 15

MUTTART CONSERVATORY 9626-96A St • Artworks by Lundy Dale and Rogelio Menz • Until July 7

NINA HAGGERTY CENTRE FOR THE ARTS Stollery Gallery, 9702-111 Ave (474-7611) • Open Mon-Fri 10am-2pm, Sat 10am-noon • **THE LAST STRAW AND THE LAUNCH PAD**: Artworks by Karen and Rob Nichols • Until May 30

PICTURE THIS GALLERY 959 Ordze Rd, Gateway to Sherwood Park, Wye Rd (467-3038) • **MASTERPIECES IN MINIATURE**: Miniature artworks • Until May 26

PROFILES PUBLIC ART GALLERY 19 Perron Street, St. Albert (460-4310) • Open: Tue-Fri 12-5pm; Sat 2-6pm • **HIGH ENERGY X**: Artworks by St. Albert High Schools; Until June 4 • **BODIES OF KNOWLEDGE**: Artworks by Neil Fiertel, Jonathan Eschla; June 9-July 2

RED STRAP MARKET 2nd floor, 10305-97 St (497-2211) • Open daily 11am-5pm • **PRE-SOLSTICE CELEBRATION**: Featuring artworks by five Red Strap artists • Until June 12

REYNOLDS-ALBERTA MUSEUM Wetaskiwin (1-800-661-4726) • **LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOTORCYCLE**: Featuring the origins of the motorcycle • Until Sept. 17, 2006

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ROXY THEATRE 10708-124 St (454-0505) • **NEXTFEST**: **Roxy Lobby**: Paintings by Duane Linklater • **Baby's Hair Co.**: Portraits by Gabriela Rosende • **Steeps**, 12411 Stony Plain Rd; landscapes by Jessica Yawngiwe • **Cutting Room**, 10336-124 St; portraits by Gemma Ryhanen • **Listen**, 1049-124 St; artworks by Leo Wong • **Col. Mustard's**, 12321-107 Ave; artworks by Stan Otto • **Booknose**, 10721-124 St; figurative artworks by Nicole Rayburn • **Propaganda**, 10707-124 St; artworks by Sean Montgomery • May 28-June 13

THE ROYAL ALBERTA MUSEUM 12845-102 Ave (453-9100) • Open Mon-Sun 9am-5pm • **SYNCRUDE CANADA ABORIGINAL PEOPLES GALLERY**: Spans 11,000 years and 500 generations, people of the past and present, recordings, film, lights, artifacts and more. Permanent exhibit • **FROM HOOF PRINTS TO TANK TRACKS**: The South Alberta Light Horse Regiment's role during the first and second World Wars; until Sept. 18 • **RATSI DOES ALBERTA HAVE RATS**: May 26-Sep. 18 • **ALBERTA CELEBRATES**: Until Jan. 15 • **THE NATURAL HISTORY GALLERY**: • **BUG ROOM**: Live invertebrate display. Permanent exhibit • **THE BIRD GALLERY**: Mounted birds. Permanent exhibit • **THE EARTH GALLERY**: Geology collection. Permanent exhibit • **WILD ALBERTA GALLERY**: Presentations every weekend (1pm and 2pm) • Admission is half price Sat and Sun (9-11am) • **Terrace: BIG THINGS 3**: Large-scale sculpture; until Sept. 13

SADDLERY GALLERY 10137-104 St • Open Tue-Sat 10am-7pm • **NEXTFEST**: Featuring artworks by Tara Embree, Shana Krepakovich, Michelle Rak, and Gabriela Rosende • May 28-June 13

SCOTT GALLERY 10411-124 St (488-3619) • Open Tue-Sat 10am-5pm • **RETROSPECTIVE**: Printworks by George Weber; until May 31 • Artworks by Doug Haynes, Cynthia Gardiner, Lynn Malin, Arlene Wasylchuk and others; June 1-8

SNAP GALLERY 10309-97 St (423-1492) • Open Tue-Sat 12-5pm • **MISPRINT**: Printworks by Patrick Mahon; until June 4 • Printworks by Andy Fabo; June 9-July 16, opening reception: Thu, June 9 (7-9pm)

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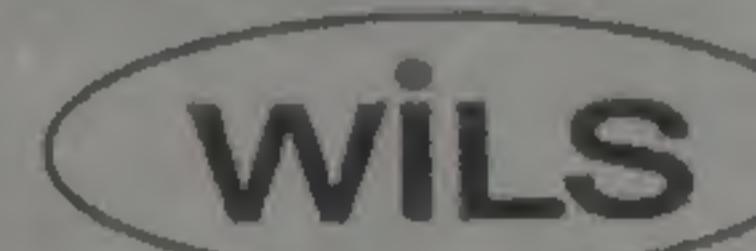
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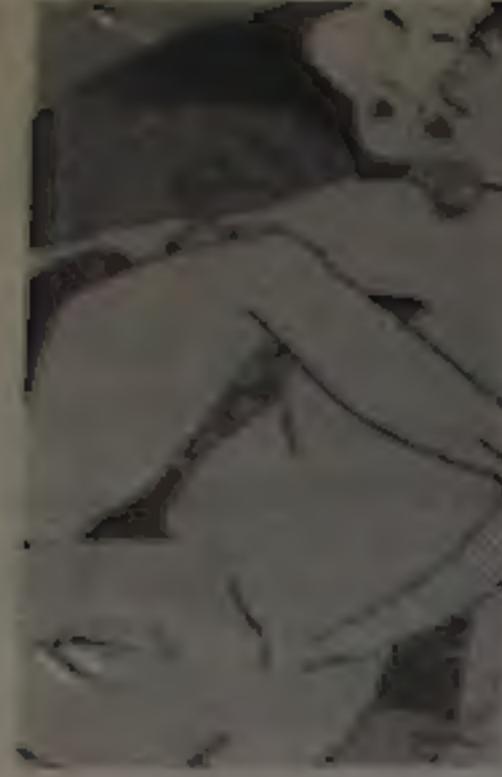
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alt sex column

By ANDREA NEMERSON

The short end of the stick

Dear Andrea:

I'm a little worried about becoming intimate with my boyfriend. He has CHH dwarfism, and I'm almost two feet taller. What are some good positions for us to try? I'm a little worried that he might be a little, well, small in that department as well, and would like to know some positions that work with smaller units.

Love, Snow White

Dear Snow:

This world is full of mixed marriages: young/old, fat/thin, smart/dumb and the always unfortunate nice person/mean bitch. Tall/short, even tall/extremely short, should be a cinch compared with that one.

CHH dwarfism is one of the short-limbed types of dwarfism; the trunk is not so truncated, but the arms and legs are notably shortened. Consequently, I'd avoid trying anything like doggy-style, where leg-length actually matters. I'd try spooning, face-to-face, or man-on-top—but more than any of those, I'd try not worrying about intercourse yet, and when you do start, starting with some less technically challenging (but usually just as pleasurable, if not more so) digital and oral activities. And anyway, you're not planning on having an audience, are you? So what if it's a little awkward at first? What's the worst that could happen?

Oh, sure, you could smother him with your enorimitude, or he could fall off while summing you like a Lilliputian Edmund Hillary and bump his head, but you know what? He won't. I expect that sex column readers must get as sick of "You must communicate with your partner" as sex column writers do, but this is one of those situations where there's no way around it: you're going to have to ask him what works, and if he's a beginner too, you're going to have to take it from scratch.

That's the bad news. The good news is, if his trunk is standard-sized, well, that's where his penis is.

Love, Andrea

The big "O"

Dear Andrea:

Some time ago you suggested a book about making love with fat people, the

title of which I have forgotten. Could you please refresh my memory?

Love, Chubby or Chaser

Dear Chase:

Sure. It was *Big Big Love* by Hanne Blank, and I still recommend it. I do need to point out, though, that big people, like small people, are, above all, people, and the making of the love with them does not really require a manual of its own. *Big Big* devotes more chapters to myth-busting (a fat lover will not roll over in her sleep and smother you to death, honest!), building self-esteem and practicing the fine art of verbal self-defence than it does to how, exactly, a size-discordant couple or two large people are supposed to, you know, *do it*. If you know how to make love to anybody at all, you're pretty much there. I do think those foam wedges and bolsters sold for back support (or, more expensively, as yoga or sex aids) are pretty nifty for bringing partners of disparate size into the necessary alignment. Sometimes a little support is all a gal (or guy) needs.

Love, Andrea

Touchy, touchy

Dear Andrea:

One of your columns mentions, as you put it, people who are paralyzed or whatever and "claim" to be able to orgasm from nipple/earlobe/etc. stimulation. The word "claim" indicates that you don't believe them. Which you should, because I am a normal unparalyzed woman and I have come from various non-genital things including kissing, being bitten on the neck and once being idly scratched. I just deleted a whole bunch of stuff that might explain my point better but also might let people figure out who I am.

Love, Libidina

Dear Lib:

I don't really care who you are, nor am I convinced I "should" do anything in particular just because you've had thus-and-such an experience. I truly never meant to imply, however, that I didn't believe the people who report experiencing orgasm from ear-nibbling, toe-squeezing, nostril-rubbing or what-have-you. I think I must have pointed out that there are people who report being able to reach orgasm with no physical touching at all, and I have no reason to disbelieve them, so why discount those who come from unconventional stimulation? If it makes you happy, I'll just say "report" instead of "claim" from now on.

And now I want all my readers to congratulate me for resisting the urge to name this column "Sex Dwarf." I could have, you know.

Love, Andrea

Andrea Nemerson writes and teaches in San Francisco. You can e-mail her a question at andrea@altsexcolumn.com.

artist to artist

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volunteers

Volunteers Needed for the Canadian Cancer Society's Relay for Life, May 27-28. Ph Adrienne 437-8413 for info.

Volunteer for the YMCA Kids University summer program, (July 4-Aug. 12). Literacy/numeracy, arts/crafts, field trips for inner-city children. Ph 429-5601, chill@edmonton.ymca.ca

Big Brothers Big Sisters Edmonton & Area. Include a child in your life, call 424-8181. www.bbbsedmonton.org

Heart and Stroke Foundation's *Bevel Ride For Heart*: June 5, cycling/in-line skating fundraiser. www.heartandstroke.ca/rideforheart

Volunteers required for the Edmonton National Aboriginal Day/Alberta Centennial Weekend Festival, June 24-26. Volunteer from mainstage, set-up, children activities...Ph 495-4240/944-5449.

Edmonton Klondike Days Association requires SECURITY Volunteers for Edmonton's *Canada Day Fireworks Festival*. Suzanne 423-2822.

Commuters Society: volunteer with BikeWorks (learn about bicycle mechanics), cleaning, organizing, etc. <http://edmontonbicyclecommuters.ca/>

EDMONTON INTERNATIONAL STREET PERFORMERS FESTIVAL (July 8-17) volunteers to welcome StreetFest, call Linda 425-5162, e-mail: volunteer@edmontonstreetfest.com

Volunteer for the Works Art & Design Festival (June 24-July 6). Ph Mary Elizabeth Archer at 426-2122, ext. 230, e-mail: theworks@telusplanet.net

Hospice accepting goods for garage sale June 17-19. Ph 413-9801, e-mail: pilgrimshospice@shaw.ca

Juvenile Diabetes Research Foundation: 5km walk to cure diabetes: June 5 at Hawrelak Park (10am). Ph 428-0343, e-mail: barmstrong@jdrf.ca

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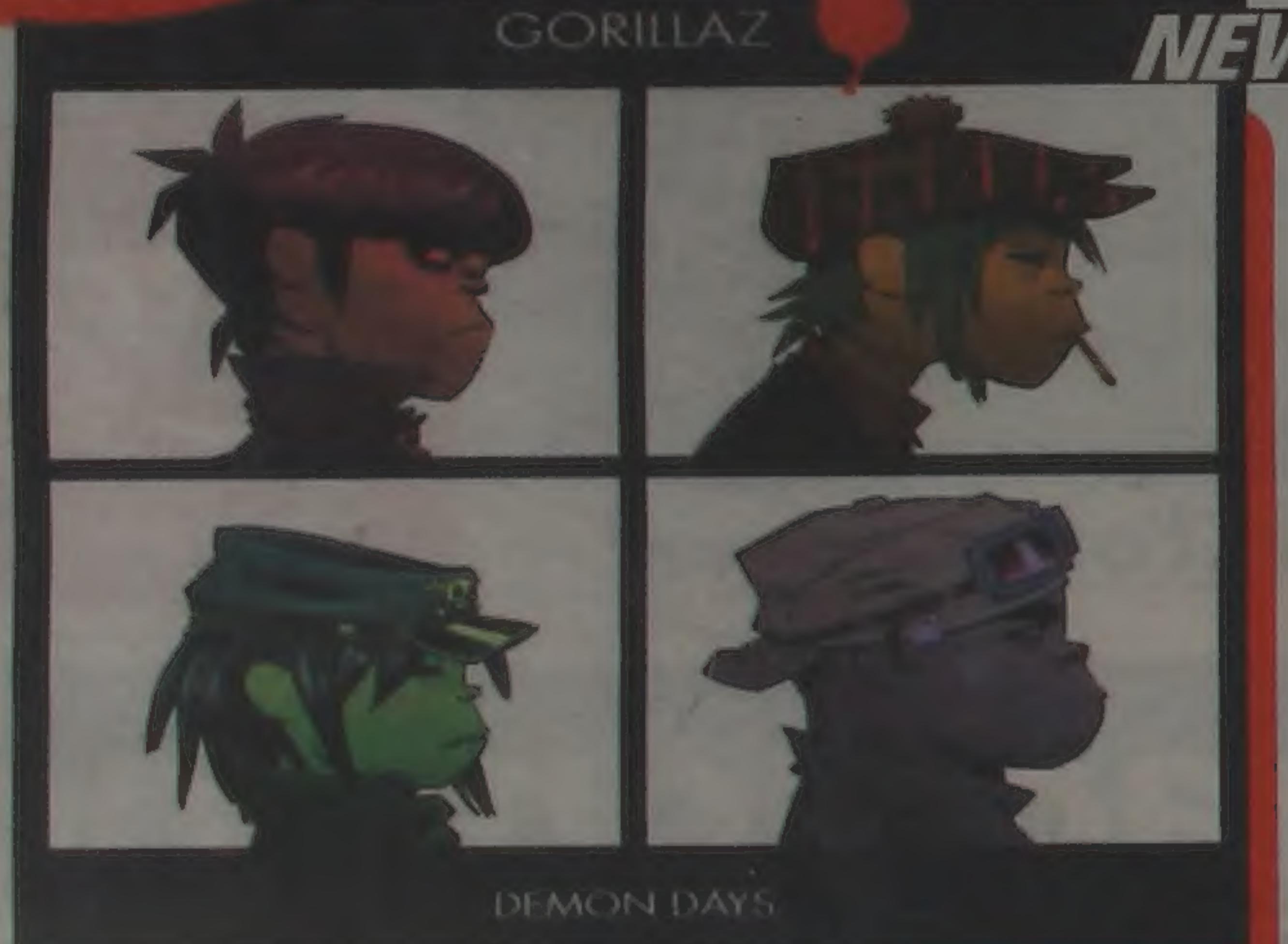
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